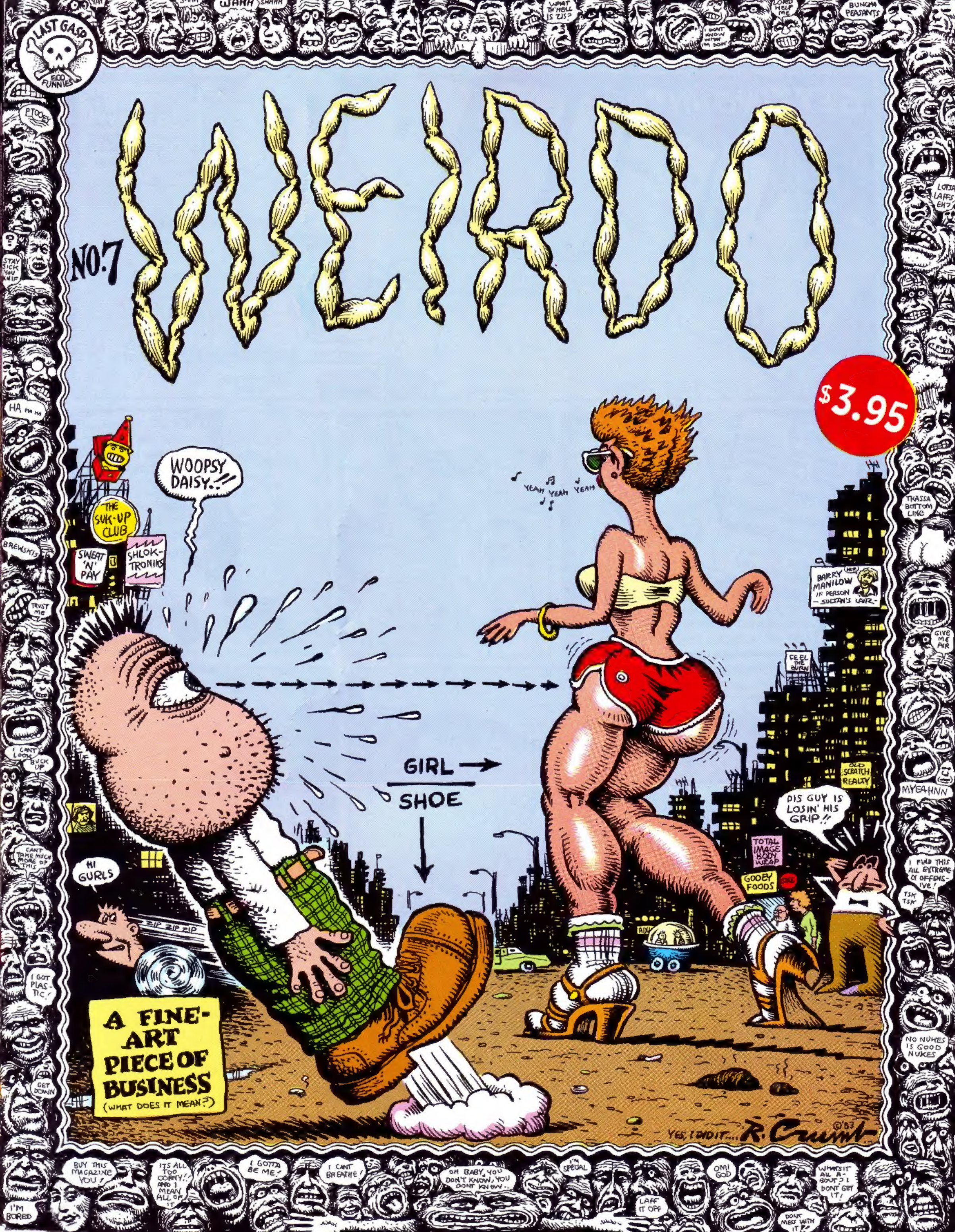
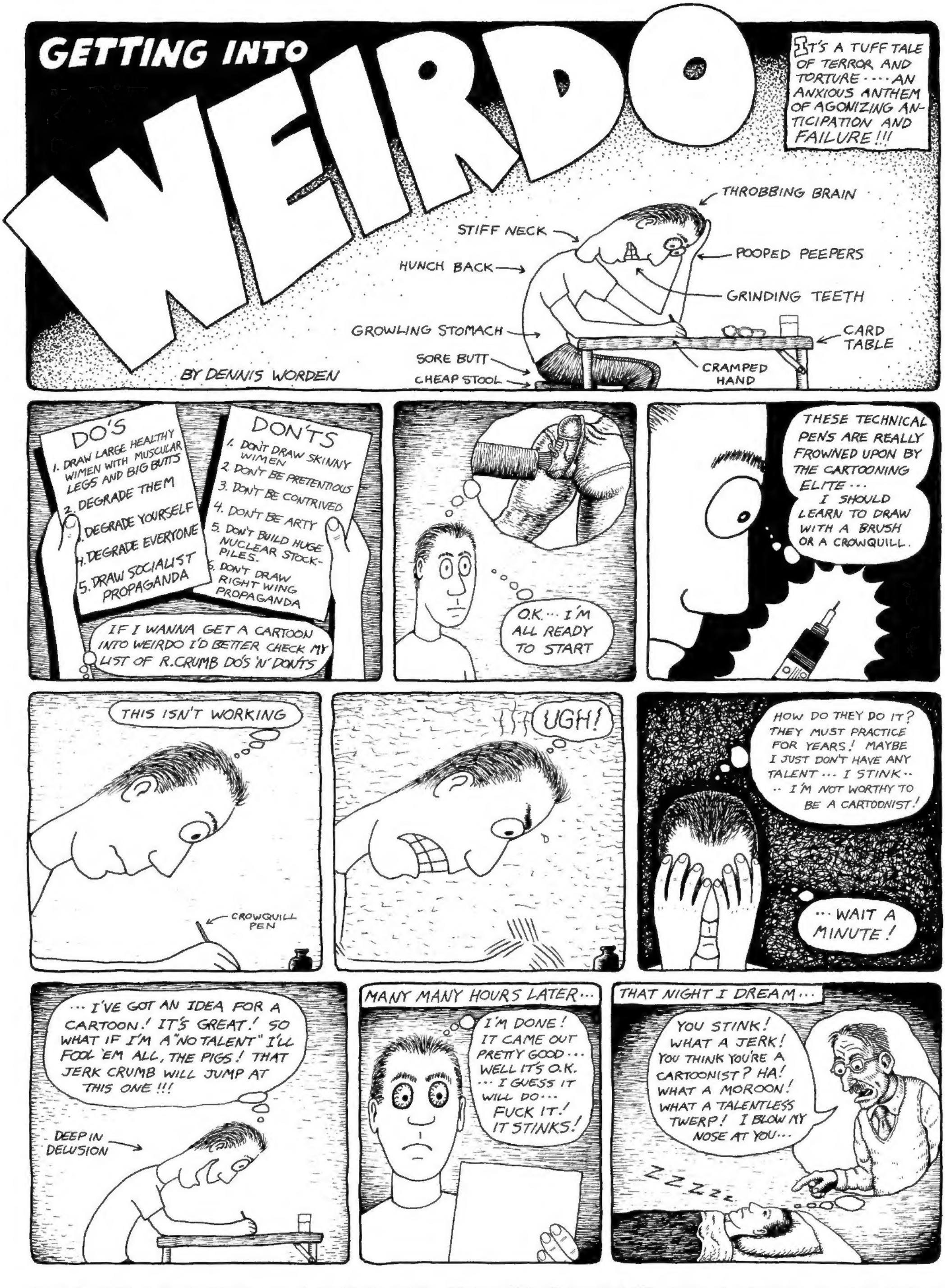

LAST GASP ECO FUNNIES
NO.7
WEIRDO
$3.95
WAHH
SHHH
WHAT TH'HELL IS ZIS?
I DONT KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'
LORD HELP ME
BUNCHA PEASANTS
PTOOEY
LOTSA LAFFS EH?
STAY STICK YOU WIP
HA HA HA
WOOPSY DAISY..!!
THE SUK-UP CLUB
SWEAT 'N' PAY
SHLOK-TRONIKS
YEAH YEAH YEAH
THASSA BOTTOM LINE
BREWSKYS
BARRY MANILOW IN PERSON SULTAN'S LAIR
TRUST ME
GIVE ME AIR
FEEL THE BURN
GIRL →
SHOE
OLD SCRATCH REALTY
MYEAHNN
DIS GUY IS LOSIN' HIS GRIP!!
CAN'T LOOK
BUCK UP
TOTAL IMAGE BODY WRAP
GOOEY FOODS
CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS
HI GURLS
I FIND THIS ALL EXTREMELY OFFENSIVE!
TSK TSK
ZIP ZIP ZIP
I GOT PLASTIC!
A FINE-ART PIECE OF BUSINESS
(WHAT DOES IT MEAN?)
NO NUKES IS GOOD NUKES
GET DOWN
YES, I DID IT.... R. Crumb ©'83
BUY THIS MAGAZINE YOU!
I'M BORED
ITS ALL TOO CORNY!! AND I MEAN ALL OF IT
I GOTTA BE ME!
I CANT BREATHE!
OH BABY, YOU DON'T KNOW, YOU DONT KNOW..
I'M SPECIAL
LAFF IT OFF
OM! GOD
WHATSIT ALL ABOUT? I DONT GET IT!
DONT MESS WITH IT!!


GETTING INTO WEIRDO
IT'S A TUFF TALE OF TERROR AND TORTURE .... AN ANXIOUS ANTHEM OF AGONIZING ANTICIPATION AND FAILURE!!!
THROBBING BRAIN
STIFF NECK
POOPED PEEPERS
HUNCH BACK
GRINDING TEETH
GROWLING STOMACH
CARD TABLE
SORE BUTT
CHEAP STOOL
CRAMPED HAND
BY DENNIS WORDEN
DO'S
1. DRAW LARGE HEALTHY WIMEN WITH MUSCULAR LEGS AND BIG BUTTS
2. DEGRADE THEM
3. DEGRADE YOURSELF
4. DEGRADE EVERYONE
5. DRAW SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA
DON'TS
1. DON'T DRAW SKINNY WIMEN
2. DON'T BE PRETENTIOUS
3. DON'T BE CONTRIVED
4. DON'T BE ARTY
5. DON'T BUILD HUGE NUCLEAR STOCKPILES.
6. DON'T DRAW RIGHT WING PROPAGANDA
IF I WANNA GET A CARTOON INTO WEIRDO I'D BETTER CHECK MY LIST OF R.CRUMB DO'S 'N' DON'TS
O.K.... I'M ALL READY TO START
THESE TECHNICAL PENS ARE REALLY FROWNED UPON BY THE CARTOONING ELITE... I SHOULD LEARN TO DRAW WITH A BRUSH OR A CROWQUILL.
THIS ISN'T WORKING
CROWQUILL PEN
UGH!
HOW DO THEY DO IT? THEY MUST PRACTICE FOR YEARS! MAYBE I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY TALENT... I STINK.... I'M NOT WORTHY TO BE A CARTOONIST!
... WAIT A MINUTE!
... I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR A CARTOON! IT'S GREAT! SO WHAT IF I'M A "NO TALENT" I'LL FOOL 'EM ALL, THE PIGS! THAT JERK CRUMB WILL JUMP AT THIS ONE!!!
DEEP IN DELUSION
MANY MANY HOURS LATER...
I'M DONE! IT CAME OUT PRETTY GOOD... WELL IT'S O.K. ... I GUESS IT WILL DO... FUCK IT! IT STINKS!
THAT NIGHT I DREAM...
YOU STINK! WHAT A JERK! YOU THINK YOU'RE A CARTOONIST? HA! WHAT A MOROON! WHAT A TALENTLESS TWERP! I BLOW MY NOSE AT YOU...
Z Z Z Z z z

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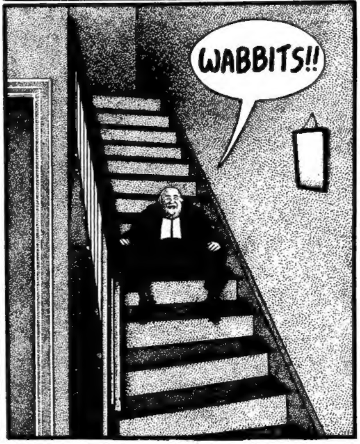
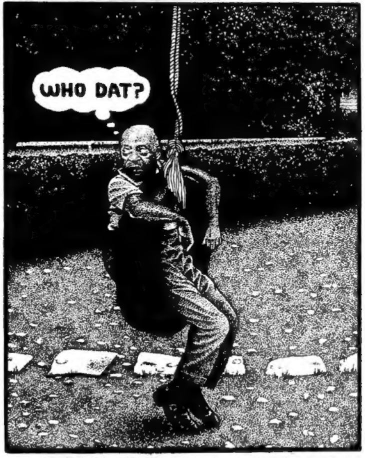
LAUGH MAKERS

Second of a Series

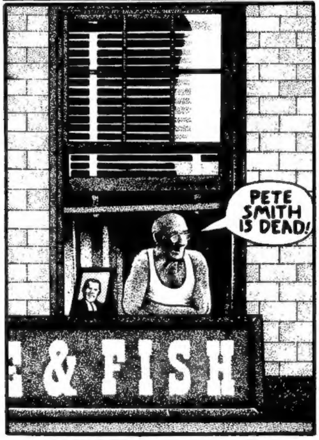
DREW FRIEDMAN ©1982



ARTHUR Q. BRYAN, VOICE OF ELMER FUDD, SPENT HIS LAST DAYS SITTING ON HIS STAIRS.

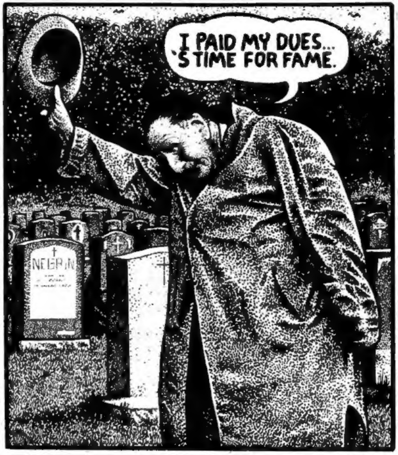


MANTAN MORELAND ENJOYS THE GOOD LIFE.



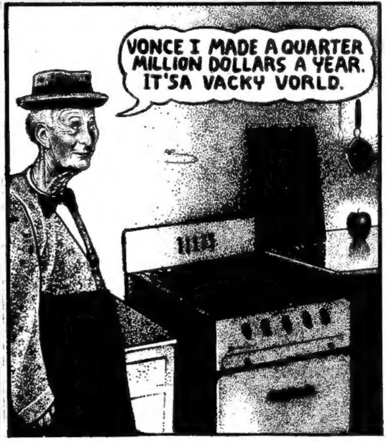
STAR OF PETE SMITH SHORTS DAVE O'BRIEN NOW TALKS TO BIRDS.

PETE SMITH IS DEAD!
& FISH



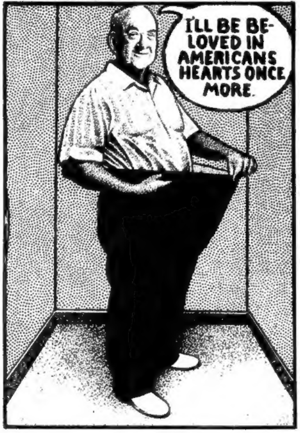
MOUSIE GARNER DELIVERS HIS OWN ELEGY.

I PAID MY DUES... 'S TIME FOR FAME.



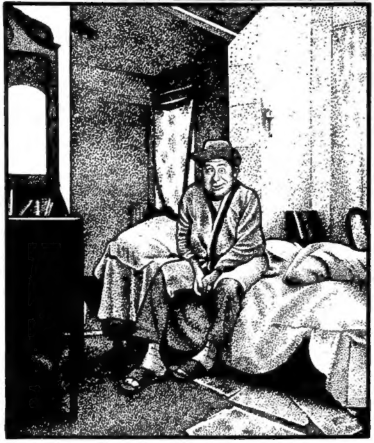
IN HIS FINAL DAYS, EL BRENDEL WAS PROUDEST OF HIS KITCHENWARE.

VONCE I MADE A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR. IT'SA VACKY VORLD.

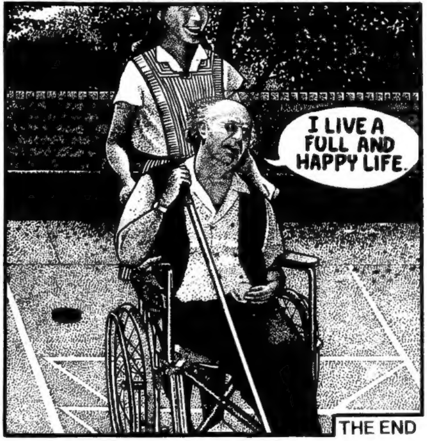


A MASSIVE WEIGHT LOSS HAD DON WILSON THINKING COMEBACK. HE WAS DEAD WITHIN THE MONTH.

I'LL BE BELOVED IN AMERICANS HEARTS ONCE MORE.



WITH JUST HOURS TO LIVE, FRANK FONTAINE DECIDED TO BE FUNNY.



LARRY FINE OFTEN REFERED TO HIS PARALYZING STROKE AS HIS "STROKE OF LUCK."

I LIVE A FULL AND HAPPY LIFE.

THE END

WEIRDO'S Advice to the Lovelorn

BY PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
— B.A. PSYCHOLOGY —

PERSONAL ADVISOR T.E. ZWIGOFF HAS BEEN HELPING PEOPLE SOLVE THEIR INTIMATE PROBLEMS FOR MANY YEARS. NOW EXCLUSIVELY WITH WEIRDO, HIS TIMELY ADVICE GAINS A NEW DIMENSION.

DEAR PROF. —

I LIKE THIS GIRL IN MY HISTORY CLASS, BUT SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST. SHE IS VERY POPULAR, THOUGH SHE'S NOT GOING WITH ANYONE. HOW CAN I GET HER TO NOTICE ME?

— MARTY

DEAR MARTY!

MY YEARS OF STUDY IN THE FIELD OF PSYCHOLOGY LUCKILY INCLUDED THE SCIENCE OF ANIMAL BEHAVIOR. OBSERVATION OF NUMEROUS ANIMAL SPECIES CAN OFTEN LEAD TO KEEN INSIGHTS INTO HUMAN BEHAVIOR. NEXT TIME YOU GO TO HISTORY CLASS, WALK RIGHT UP TO THIS GIRL AND THRUST YOUR NOSE IN HER CROTCH, INHALING EXUBERANTLY. THIS RAW, EARTHY, DOG-LIKE SENSUALITY IS QUITE IN VOGUE THESE DAYS HERE IN CALIFORNIA WHERE WE'RE NOTED FOR OUR NATURAL, HOLISTIC APPROACH TO LIFE. THERE'S ALOT TO BE SAID FOR THESE BACK-TO-BASICS LIFESTYLES, AND THIS GIRL YOU WISH TO MEET WILL VERY LIKELY BE IMPRESSED ENOUGH WITH SUCH AN INTRODUCTION TO AT LEAST NOTICE YOU.

DEAR PROF. ZWIGOFF —

I'M ON THE VERGE OF SUICIDE. I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE THESE LAST FEW MONTHS AND CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. I'M ONLY THIRTEEN AND DON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS, BUT I CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT. I REALLY LIKE LIFE AND HAVE LOTS OF FRIENDS. ON WEEKENDS I LIKE TO PARTY AND DRINK A LITTLE AND SMOKE POT. I EVEN TRIED SOME PCP AND ACID — IS THAT WHAT'S MAKING ME SO CONFUSED AND UNHAPPY?

—SUSIE

I DOUBT IT. AT YOUR AGE MANY POWERFUL PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL CHANGES TRIGGERED BY HORMONES ARE TAKING PLACE. THESE MOOD SHIFTS ARE THE RESULT: HAPPY AND "UP" ONE MINUTE, CRYING AND BLUE THE NEXT. A MORE CONSISTENT USE OF THE DRUGS YOU ENJOY MIGHT HELP STEADY THESE MOOD SWINGS. TRY WEEKDAYS WITH DRUGS AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER.

DEAR PROF. ZWIGOFF —

CAN YOU TELL ME WHY IT IS THAT EVERY GIRL I GO OUT WITH WANTS TO EITHER GO DANCING OR DRAG ME OUT FOR A WALK ON THE BEACH? IS THERE A FEMALE ALIVE WHO DOESN'T ENJOY THESE TWO ACTIVITIES? I KNOW I DON'T. I HATE TO DANCE — BUNCH OF JERKS STRUTTING AROUND AFFECTING STUPID, EMBARRASSING POSES,,, AND WALKING ON THE BEACH — YOU GET SAND IN YOUR SHOES. IF IT'S DAYTIME YOU GET A SUNBURN, AND IF IT'S NIGHT YOU CATCH PNEUMONIA. AND ANOTHER THING, WHY IS IT THAT WOMEN CAN NEVER SEE A FULL MOON AND NOT MAKE SOME COMMENT ABOUT IT?

—MIFFED MALE

DEAR MIFFED:

I'VE CONSULTED WITH MY ASSOCIATE, DR. DONALD COREY, ON THIS ONE. HIS RECENT STUDIES IN PSYCHOHORMONAL RESEARCH AT JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY SHOW THAT FEMALE HORMONES (ESTROGENS) ARE THE CULPRIT HERE. IN ADDITION TO PRODUCING THESE ANNOYING PERSONALITY DISORDERS ESTROGEN IS ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR INCREASING FATTY DEPOSITS IN THE BREASTS AND HIPS — TURNING A ONCE COLTISH GIRL FIGURE INTO DUMPY BAGGAGE. THE ONLY ADVICE I CAN GIVE YOU IS GRIN AND BEAR IT.

WRITE TO PROF. ZWIGOFF ABOUT YOUR SPECIAL INTIMATE PROBLEM. NO HUMAN BEHAVIOR TOO SORDID!

PROF. T. E. ZWIGOFF
290 MULLEN AVE.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
94110

WINTER, 1983, NO. 7

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS ...

Address: R. Crumb, P.O. Box 533
Winters, California, 95694

IT SEEMS SOME ENEMIES OF "WEIRDO" HAVE BEEN SPREADING RUMORS AROUND TO THE EFFECT THAT I WAS GOING TO QUIT PUTTING OUT THIS MAGAZINE AND TAKE UP MODERNISTIC OIL PAINTING. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WRITING ME LETTERS ASKING ME IF THIS UGLY PIECE OF GOSSIP WAS TRUE OR IF IT WAS STARTED BY SOME DEFEATISTS WHO HATE AND ENVY THIS GREAT MAGAZINE. WELL, THE TRUTH IS, YES, I DID SAY THAT, BUT I CHANGED MY MIND. — EDITOR

Dear Mr. Crumb:

The foto of you smooching Erna in WEIRDO #4 gets me so HOT — OH OH STOP IT SOME MORE — NEVER! NEVER! THE ZIPPER'S ON THE OTHER SIDE — I'm GIVING YOU JUST TWO HOURS TO QUIT - - -

Do you really only go for fat girls? I'd be glad to put on 50 pounds if it meant I'd have a chance with you...

XXX
Anchorage, Alaska

GETS HER HOT

Dear Romeo Plumb:

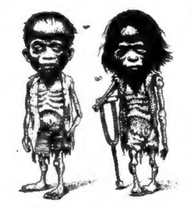
WEIRDO has a few good points otherwise I wouldn't have bothered buying it. Peter the Penis is my hero. Ricky Dickner is OK too. Reading issue #5 I notice the bullshit and weaknesses of a magazine that too often falls into the typical trap of maskerading bourgeois assholery as so-called "radically offensive unconventionality." The Friedman brothers are pricks, I hope they starve and are mocked by well-fed "gooks" who have their same nazi ideals. MAD magazine is mediocre shit, we don't need a duplicate of it. Your magazine can go beyond it if it really wants to.

Promote rape, cannibalism, incest, necrophelia, etc. as humor if you dare! Break new ground — mutate! mutilate! Sameness is for suckholes! Do you really want your publication to be different or what? No holds barred!

More frantic insanity puleeze! Improve beyond bland and ordinary vulgarity! Plain pictures and stupid rhymes are juvenile bilge! Racism is not Zippy the Pinhead's scene. Yet even Prof. Brainard had a good idea, a great one in fact, in shipping all the fuckin' Jesus Christ Nazi plastic saint evangelizers back in time to be consumed as edible morsels of flesh bleeding meat castration gore by gibbering, roaring, screaming and cooing tyrannosauras Rexes!

The End

Sincerely
Vlad Neerewtteur



BOURGEOIS ASSHOLERY?

Dear Bob:

Thanks for and wonderment at WEIRDO, a culture comic of the highest water; a provider of nourishment for a bleary-minded audience. But why, o why do some readers confuse misunderstanding or shallow response with legitimate criticism? It saddens me to continually see on your letters page petty bias, mealy-mouthed carping and reptilian egotism disguised as constructive comment.

Perhaps a general fury of classification is to blame; a grubby alleigance to 'like' and 'don't like', 'good' and 'bad', an unquestioning, immediate reaction. Just as the artist works and uncovers so must the audience, otherwise we're left with cliche and narrow-mindedness. Images provide more than the quick tickle, the visceral quiver; be aware of the depth of capacity or the mind staggers into half-use, otherwise we betray ourselves and those that help. Honesty, committed response and LAUGHTER is what counts.

Thanks again, Bob, and everyone; you are the best!

Yours
Steve Davies
London, England

SOB...CHOKE...THANKS, STEVE...SOB.... — ED.

Please send information on subscription to WEIRDO magazine. I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours Truly
Kay Marshall
Anchorage, Alaska

SORRY, WE DON'T SELL SUBSCRIPTIONS HERE.... WHAT IF WE GO OUT OF BUSINESS NEXT WEEK? HOW WILL WE EVER PAY BACK ALL THAT MONEY PEOPLE SENT IN FOR ISSUES THEY'LL NEVER GET?? BESIDES, WHO'S GOING TO DO ALL THAT BOOK-KEEPING? NOT ME! AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO HIRE A SECRETARY... I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD TO HAVE THIS LETTERS COLUMN TYPESET... FORGET IT! — ED.

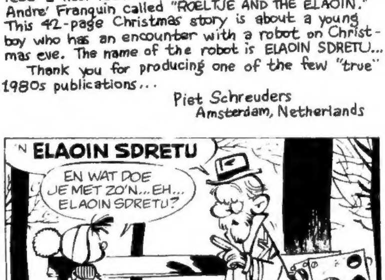
Dear Mr. Crumb

Ever since the first issue of WEIRDO came out I have been puzzled about the identity of the ETAOIN SHRDLU character. How can one ever think of such an outlandish name? Is it a foreign name? Does it contain a secret code?

My paranoia reached peak heights when I noticed a near identical name in a 1956 comicbook by André Franquin called "ROELTJE AND THE ELAOIN." This 42-page Christmas story is about a young boy who has an encounter with a robot on Christmas eve. The name of the robot is ELAOIN SDRETU...

Thank you for producing one of the few "true" 1980s publications...

Piet Schreuders
Amsterdam, Netherlands


'N ELAOIN SDRETU
EN WAT DOE JE MET ZO'N...EH... ELAOIN SDRETU?

WHO'S COVERING UP WHAT??

WEIRDO Number 7, Winter, 1983. Published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies.

Dear "Robby"

Suggestions: Reprints from HELP or HUMBUG? More "personal" stories by you! More Norman Dog! Keep featuring new untried people! WEIRDO's great —

GOOD LUCK!
D. Abston
Santa Clara, Calif.

Dear R.,

WEIRDO #6 is sure different... I'm stunned — first of all by the front cover. A lot of it strikes me as a real loud suit someone might dress up in. Terry Boyce is lovely. Sorry to see only one page of her... Thank you very much for plugging TELE TIMES. I feel enriched to see mags by me, Ace, and Billy (Wolfe) all featured... The Bunch feature — horrific, that's all I can say. Really felt it in the pit of the stomach....

To tell you the truth, I'd like to get into the WEIRDO letters section. The snippet of a letter in WEIRDO #6 makes me feel foolish ("is that all this guy has to say?")

...The photo-funny "PASSION FOR PASTA" — that gal is really something! She has real humor. Is she really chicano or Italian or neither? *(SHE'S HALF ITALIAN, HALF TEXAN! — ED)* There's something about this humorous display of a female's appetite that's enthralling — wonderful! Vigorous female open about her desire... Keep on doing photo-funnies... Some of this visual stuff is like a good punk fanzine.

— Bruce Duncan
Berkeley, Calif.

"ENTHRALLING...."

Dear Mr. Crumb,

I recently mail ordered the first five issues of WEIRDO. What a pleasure to go through them one after another. I haven't enjoyed alternative comics so much since ARCADE magazine.

A lot of people seem to criticize your mix of art and photos, or your mix of polished and primitive artists. I think the 'zine is very well balanced. If they want to play editor, let them start their own 'zines!

— Best,
Richard Roesberg
Northfield, New Jersey

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH!
— ED

Dear Bob;

My compliments to you on WEIRDO #6 — I especially like the cover (both sides, Aline — that big Blabbette face is *INTENSE!* A little larger and she could knock Nixon and Frankenstein right off the shelves next Halloween!).

— Paul McGehee
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Robert Crumb:

...I feel that your visualizations of those various songs in WEIRDO #5 was excellent (except getting down on Hendrix, the music that I was raised on). Your work seems to be, if anything, improving. To the critics that have never lifted a pen unless it was to tell you how your work from the '60s was your peak, I say they can fuck off. Perhaps what they whine and complain about may be constructive, but some much deserved complements is definitely nicer and healthier. Keep on truckin',

— Lonnie Somer
Englishtown, New Jersey

P.S. Oh yeah, stop being so damn depressed. Life can be beautiful if you just let it be.

SHE'S NO DUM DUM!

...BUT OF COURSE I COLLECT EVERY ISSUE OF WEIRDO, DAHLING... WHO DOESN'T!?!

HOW ABOUT YOU?

*SURELY YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THOSE INCONSEQUENTAL JERKS WHO DOESN'T HAVE A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF WEIRDO MAGAZINES!! BETTER MAKE CERTAIN YOU'RE IN WITH THE SMART SET: SEND FOR YOUR **BACK ISSUES** TODAY!!*

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INCLUDE $1.50 FOR POSTAGE WITH YOUR ORDER.

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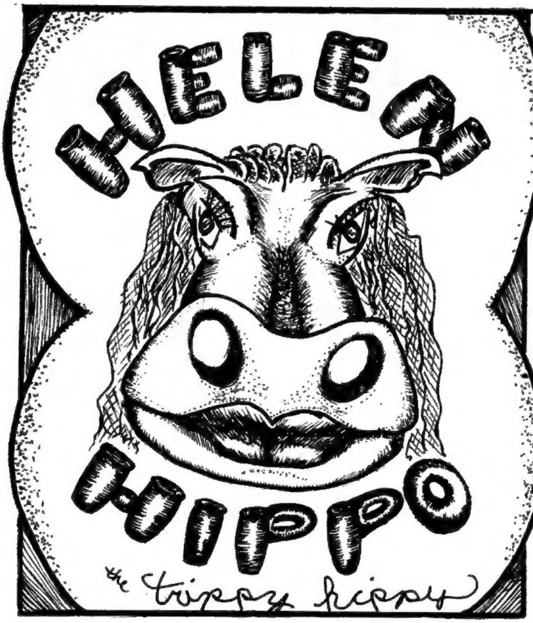
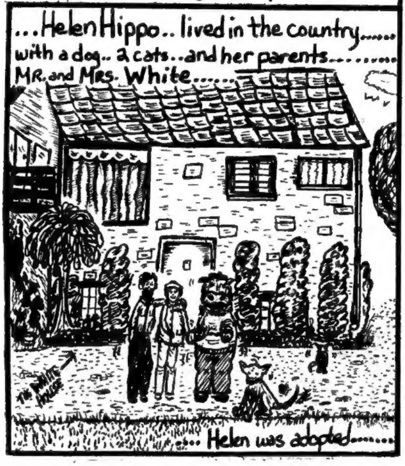
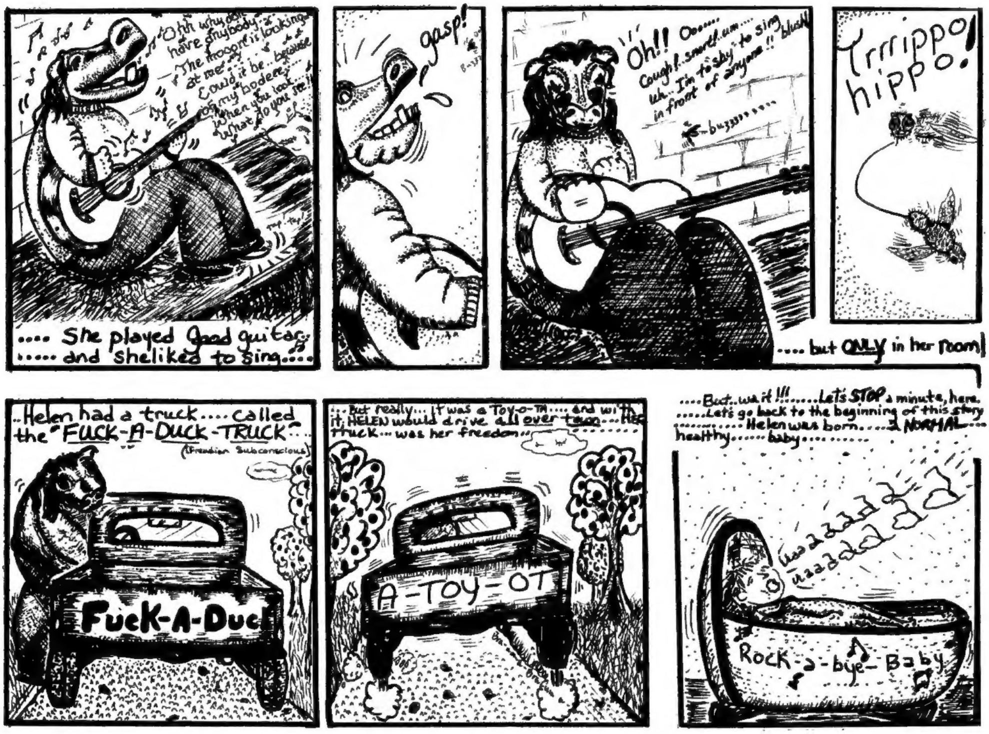

HELEN
HIPPO
the trippy hippy

....**THIS**.. is the story of **HELEN HIPPO** ....well....**part** of the story... All the facts are **true**..(as they can be)..... Any resemblance to **anyone** living.... is TOTALLY a figment of your imagination!! (snort!) The names have been changed..**to protect me!**(heh!)


The White House

...Helen Hippo.. lived in the country...... with a dog.. 2 cats..and her parents.......... MR. and Mrs. White......

.... Helen was adopted........


Ohh why don't have anybody The moon is looking at me... Could it be.. because of my bodee... When you look... what do you see!!
gasp!
Buzz
"Oh!! Ooo..... Cough!..snort!..um.... uh.. I'm to shy to sing in front of anyone!!" blush!!
buzzz......
Trrrippo! hippo!
Fuck-A-Duc
A-TOY-OT
Rock-a-bye-Baby
waaaaaa waaaaaa

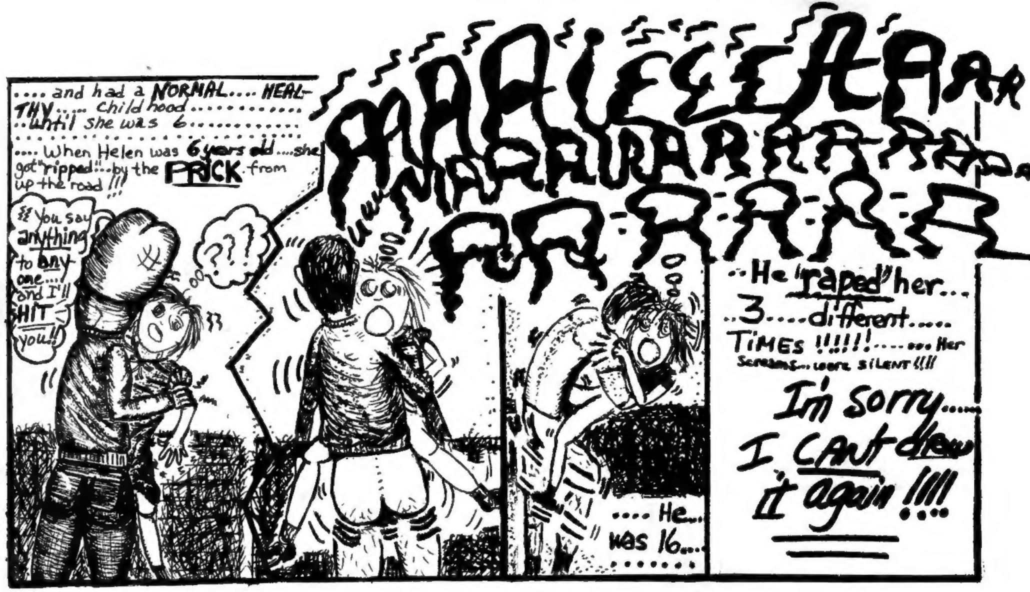
.... She played Good guitar.. ..... and she liked to sing....

.... but ONLY in her room!

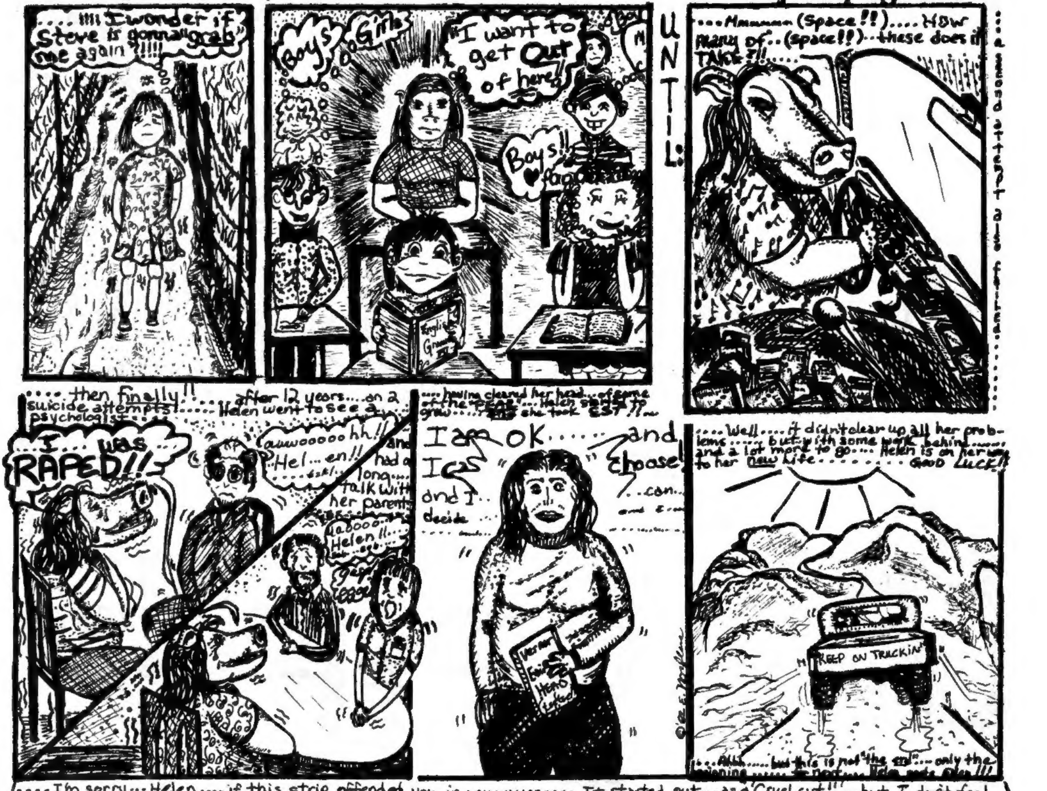
..Helen had a truck.... called the "FUCK-A-DUCK-TRUCK"... (Freudian Subconscious)

... But really... It was a Toy-o-TA.... and with it, HELEN would drive all over town... Her truck... was her freedom....

....But..wait!!!.....Let's STOP a minute, here. .....Let's go back to the beginning of this story .... Helen was born.... a NORMAL.... healthy...... baby.............


.... and had a NORMAL.... HEALTHY..... childhood ....
..until she was 6................
.... When Helen was 6 years old ....she got "ripped"!...by the PRICK from up the road !!!
"You say anything to any one... and I'll SHIT you!!
???
AAAIEEEAAAR
NAAAAARAAARRRR
RRRRRRRR
.... He... was 16.....
..He "raped" her...
..3.....different.....
TIMES !!!!!!.......Her Screams...were SILENT !!!!
I'm sorry.....
I CAN'T draw it again !!!!....

.... The "trauma"...... and resulting "Fear"... of telling.... created Emotional... and Psychological problems....that Became evident.... as the years progressed....


....!!!! I wonder if Steve is gonna "grab" me again "!!!!
Boys
Girls
"I want to get Out of here!!
Boys!!
English Grammar
UNTIL:
...Mmmmm (Space!!).... HOW many of..(space!!)..these does it TAKE ?!!....
....a second attempt also failed.........
.... then finally!! ... after 12 years.... and 2 suicide attempts!.... Helen went to see a psychologist.....
I... was... RAPED!!!
auwooooooh!! Hel...en!! ...
and had a long... talk with her parents....
Waaooo... Helen!!...
....having cleared her head... of some of the "FEAR"... Helen started to grow...... she took EST !!...
I am OK...... and I can... and I decide ...
and choose!
...Well.... it didn't clear up all her problems..... but with some work behind..... and a lot more to go... Helen is on her way to her new life.......... GOOD LUCK!!
KEEP ON TRUCKIN'
...Ahhh...... but this is not "the end"... only the beginning...

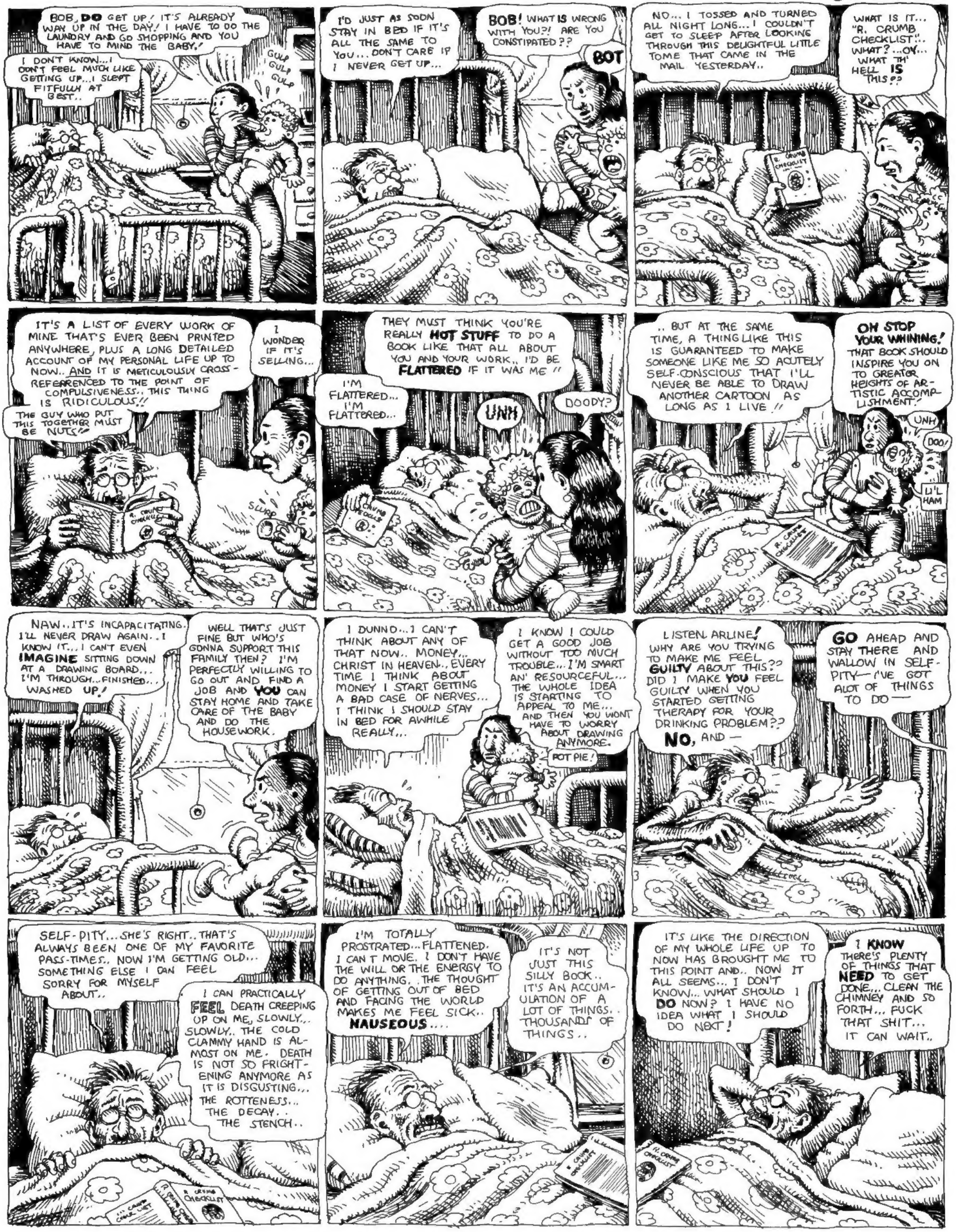
....I'm sorry...Helen.... if this strip offended you in any way...... It started out... as a 'Cruel cut!!'...but I don't feel that way.... anymore...... Knowing...that you went thru this.... and having shared the pain of processing it.....I couldn't feel cruel...for long.... I know it hurt you...and I can only hope this didn't hurt you more !! .... With Loves... ♥♥...........

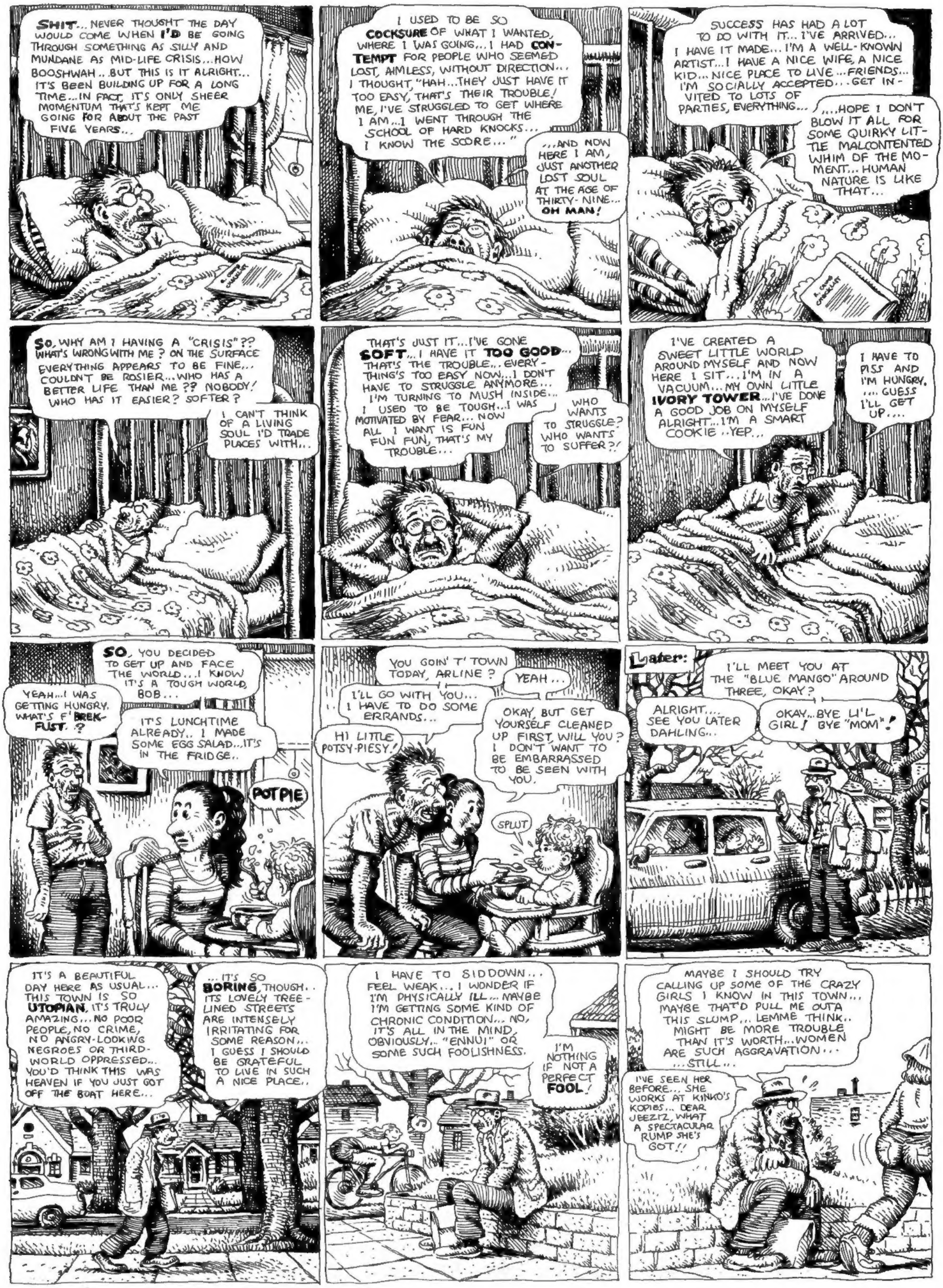
...MORE PETULENT, INTROVERTED COMICS....YES, IT'S TIME FOR...

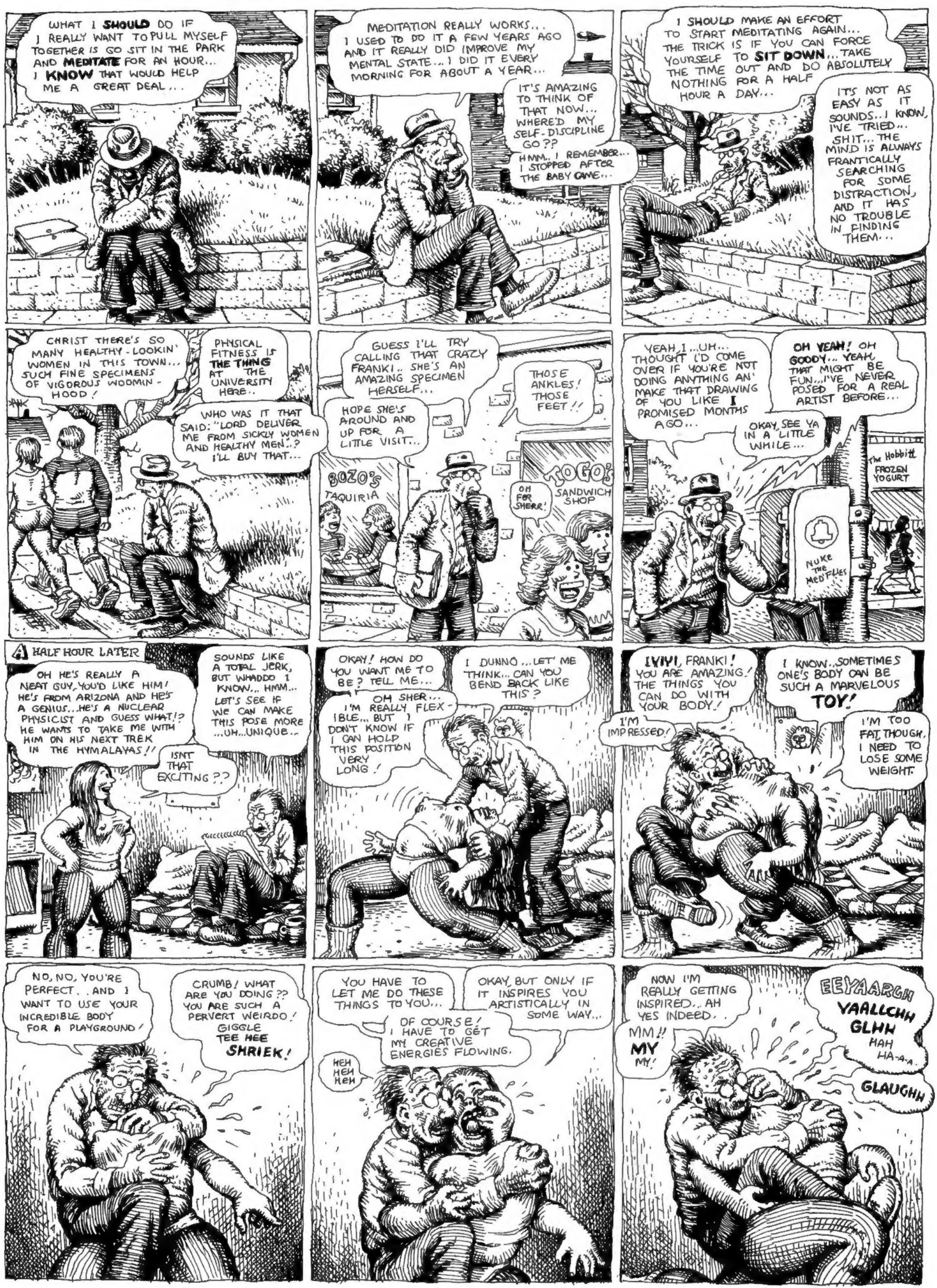
UNCLE BOB'S MID-LIFE CRISIS

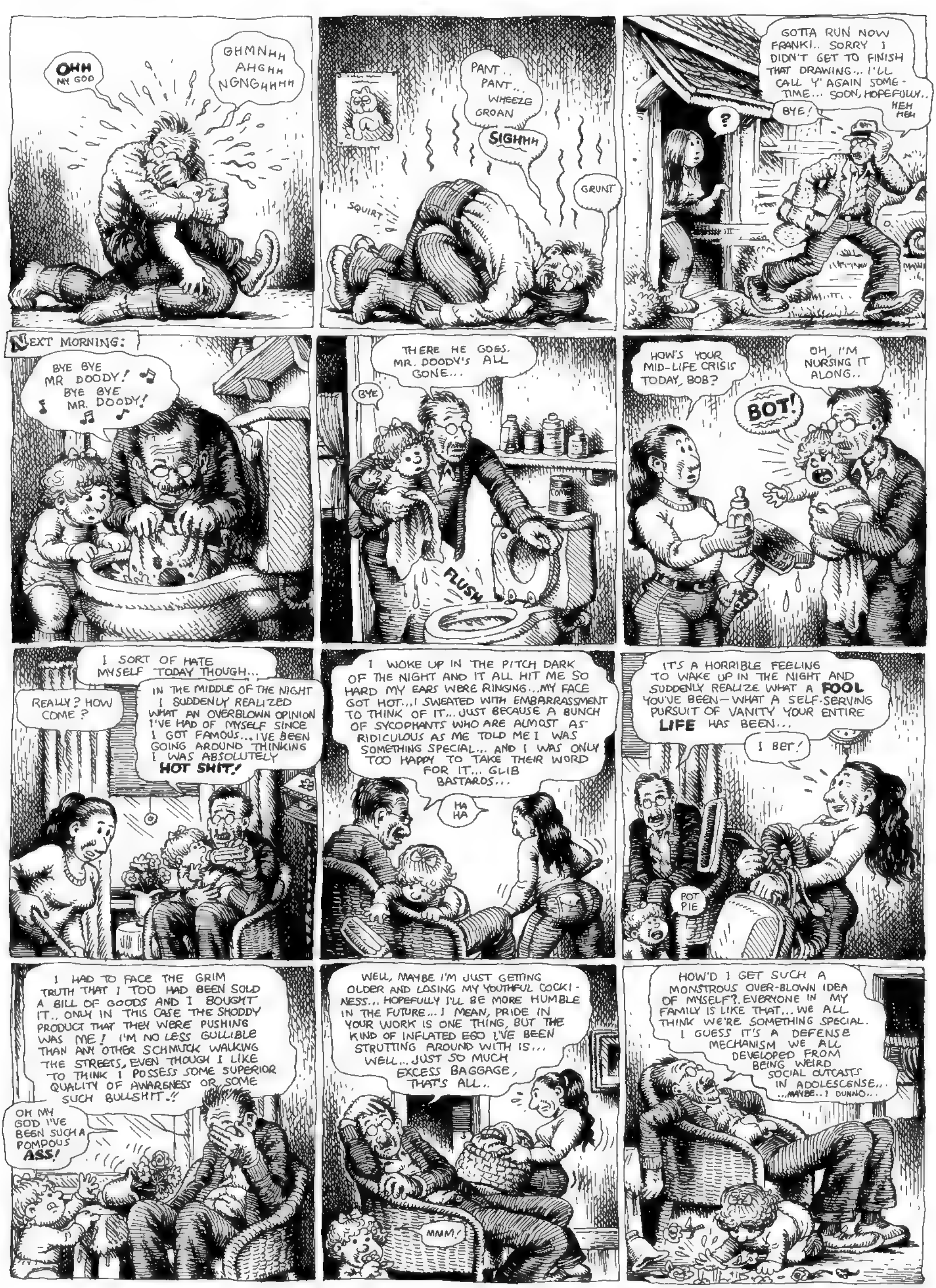
by R.Crumbsle

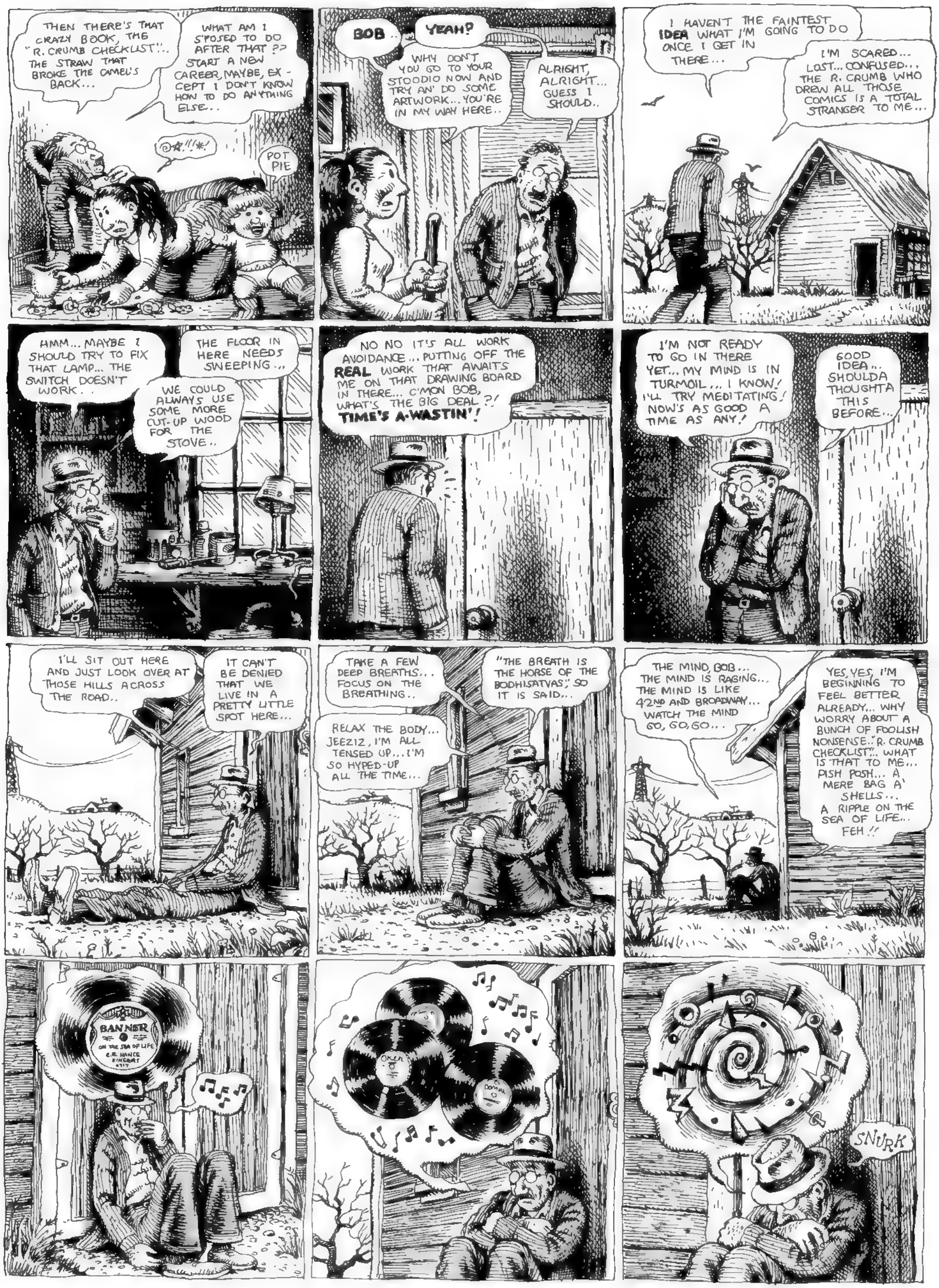
©1982 by R. CRUMB

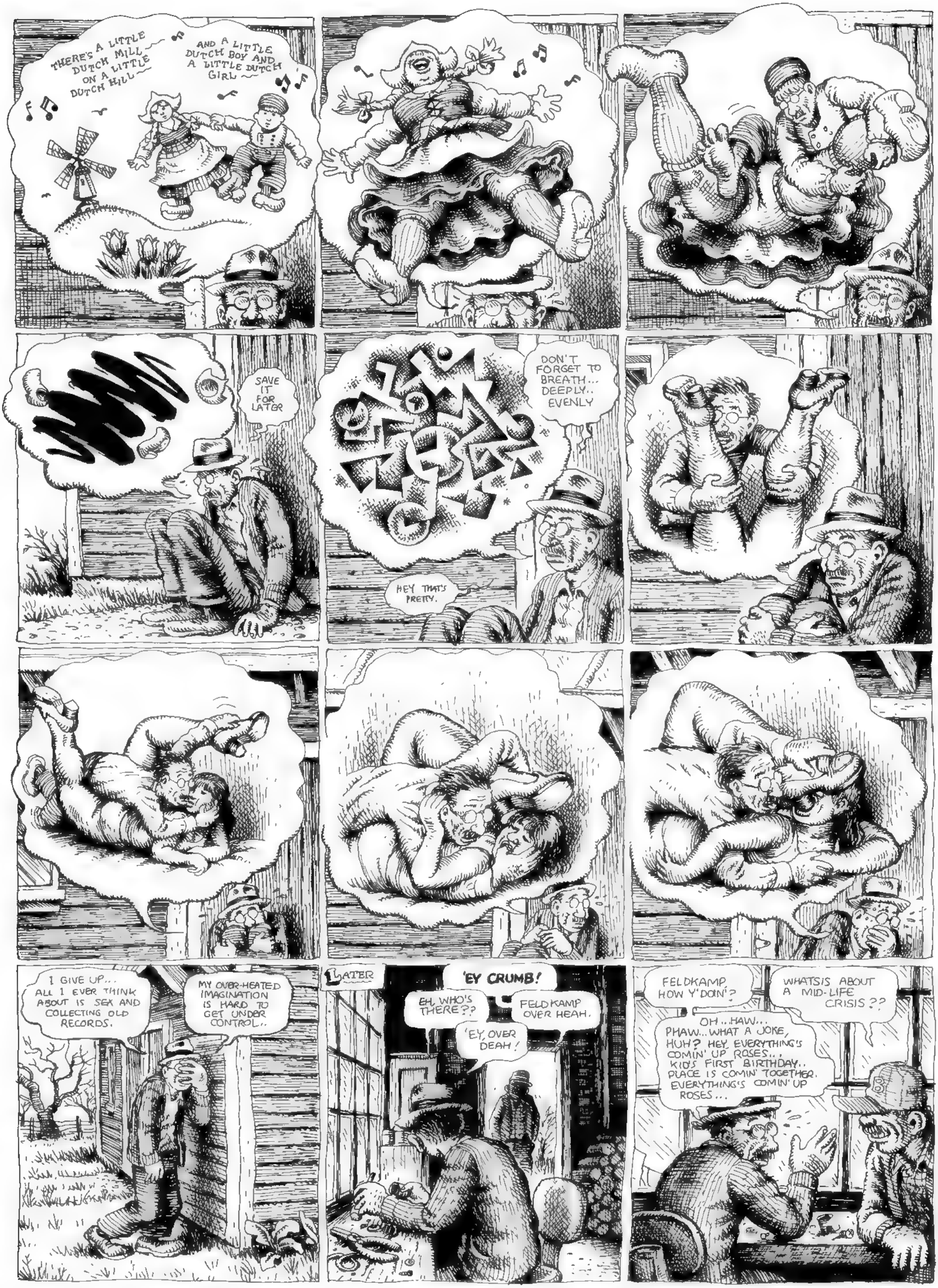

BOB, DO GET UP! IT'S ALREADY WAY UP IN THE DAY! I HAVE TO DO THE LAUNDRY AND GO SHOPPING AND YOU HAVE TO MIND THE BABY!
I DON'T KNOW...I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE GETTING UP...I SLEPT FITFULLY AT BEST..
GULP GULP GULP
I'D JUST AS SOON STAY IN BED IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU...DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GET UP...
BOB! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?! ARE YOU CONSTIPATED??
BOT
NO... I TOSSED AND TURNED ALL NIGHT LONG... I COULDN'T GET TO SLEEP AFTER LOOKING THROUGH THIS DELIGHTFUL LITTLE TOME THAT CAME IN THE MAIL YESTERDAY..
WHAT IS IT... "R. CRUMB CHECKLIST".. WHAT?...OY... WHAT TH' HELL IS THIS??
IT'S A LIST OF EVERY WORK OF MINE THAT'S EVER BEEN PRINTED ANYWHERE, PLUS A LONG DETAILED ACCOUNT OF MY PERSONAL LIFE UP TO NOW.. AND IT IS METICULOUSLY CROSS-REFERRENCED TO THE POINT OF COMPULSIVENESS.. THIS THING IS RIDICULOUS!!
THE GUY WHO PUT THIS TOGETHER MUST BE NUTS!!
I WONDER IF IT'S SELLING...
SLURP
THEY MUST THINK YOU'RE REALLY HOT STUFF TO DO A BOOK LIKE THAT ALL ABOUT YOU AND YOUR WORK.. I'D BE FLATTERED IF IT WAS ME!!
I'M FLATTERED... I'M FLATTERED...
UNH
DOODY?
..BUT AT THE SAME TIME, A THING LIKE THIS IS GUARANTEED TO MAKE SOMEONE LIKE ME SO ACUTELY SELF-CONSCIOUS THAT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO DRAW ANOTHER CARTOON AS LONG AS I LIVE!!
OH STOP YOUR WHINING! THAT BOOK SHOULD INSPIRE YOU ON TO GREATER HEIGHTS OF ARTISTIC ACCOMPLISHMENT!
UNH
DOO!
LI'L HAM
NAW..IT'S INCAPACITATING. I'LL NEVER DRAW AGAIN..I KNOW IT...I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE SITTING DOWN AT A DRAWING BOARD... I'M THROUGH...FINISHED... WASHED UP!
WELL THAT'S JUST FINE BUT WHO'S GONNA SUPPORT THIS FAMILY THEN? I'M PERFECTLY WILLING TO GO OUT AND FIND A JOB AND YOU CAN STAY HOME AND TAKE CARE OF THE BABY AND DO THE HOUSEWORK.
I DUNNO...I CAN'T THINK ABOUT ANY OF THAT NOW.. MONEY... CHRIST IN HEAVEN... EVERY TIME I THINK ABOUT MONEY I START GETTING A BAD CASE OF NERVES... I THINK I SHOULD STAY IN BED FOR AWHILE REALLY...
I KNOW I COULD GET A GOOD JOB WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE... I'M SMART AN' RESOURCEFUL... THE WHOLE IDEA IS STARTING TO APPEAL TO ME... AND THEN YOU WONT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DRAWING ANYMORE.
POT PIE!
LISTEN ARLINE! WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY ABOUT THIS?? DID I MAKE YOU FEEL GUILTY WHEN YOU STARTED GETTING THERAPY FOR YOUR DRINKING PROBLEM??
NO, AND—
GO AHEAD AND STAY THERE AND WALLOW IN SELF-PITY—I'VE GOT ALOT OF THINGS TO DO—
SELF-PITY...SHE'S RIGHT..THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF MY FAVORITE PASS-TIMES.. NOW I'M GETTING OLD... SOMETHING ELSE I CAN FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF ABOUT..
I CAN PRACTICALLY FEEL DEATH CREEPING UP ON ME, SLOWLY.. SLOWLY.. THE COLD CLAMMY HAND IS ALMOST ON ME. DEATH IS NOT SO FRIGHTENING ANYMORE AS IT IS DISGUSTING... THE ROTTENESS... THE DECAY.. THE STENCH..
I'M TOTALLY PROSTRATED...FLATTENED. I CAN'T MOVE. I DON'T HAVE THE WILL OR THE ENERGY TO DO ANYTHING. THE THOUGHT OF GETTING OUT OF BED AND FACING THE WORLD MAKES ME FEEL SICK.. NAUSEOUS....
IT'S NOT JUST THIS SILLY BOOK.. IT'S AN ACCUMULATION OF A LOT OF THINGS.. THOUSANDS OF THINGS..
IT'S LIKE THE DIRECTION OF MY WHOLE LIFE UP TO NOW HAS BROUGHT ME TO THIS POINT AND.. NOW IT ALL SEEMS... I DON'T KNOW... WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW? I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I SHOULD DO NEXT!
I KNOW THERE'S PLENTY OF THINGS THAT NEED TO GET DONE... CLEAN THE CHIMNEY AND SO FORTH... FUCK THAT SHIT... IT CAN WAIT..
R. CRUMB CHECKLIST

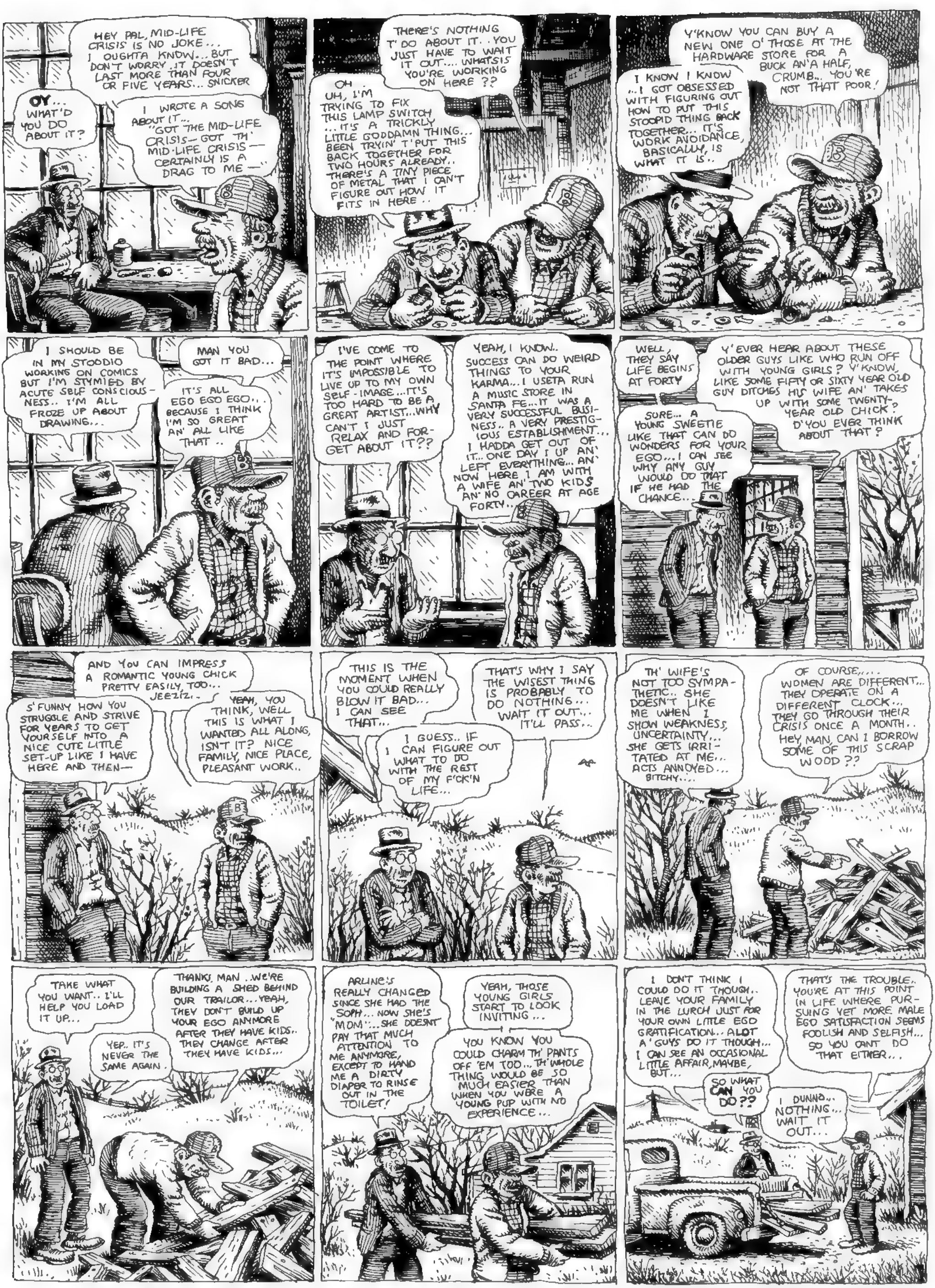

SHIT... NEVER THOUGHT THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN I'D BE GOING THROUGH SOMETHING AS SILLY AND MUNDANE AS MID-LIFE CRISIS... HOW BOOSHWAH... BUT THIS IS IT ALRIGHT... IT'S BEEN BUILDING UP FOR A LONG TIME... IN FACT, IT'S ONLY SHEER MOMENTUM THAT'S KEPT ME GOING FOR ABOUT THE PAST FIVE YEARS...
I USED TO BE SO COCKSURE OF WHAT I WANTED, WHERE I WAS GOING... I HAD CONTEMPT FOR PEOPLE WHO SEEMED LOST, AIMLESS, WITHOUT DIRECTION... I THOUGHT, "HAH... THEY JUST HAVE IT TOO EASY, THAT'S THEIR TROUBLE! ME, I'VE STRUGGLED TO GET WHERE I AM... I WENT THROUGH THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS... I KNOW THE SCORE..."
...AND NOW HERE I AM, JUST ANOTHER LOST SOUL AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-NINE... OH MAN!
SUCCESS HAS HAD A LOT TO DO WITH IT... I'VE ARRIVED... I HAVE IT MADE... I'M A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST... I HAVE A NICE WIFE, A NICE KID... NICE PLACE TO LIVE... FRIENDS... I'M SOCIALLY ACCEPTED... GET INVITED TO LOTS OF PARTIES, EVERYTHING...
....HOPE I DON'T BLOW IT ALL FOR SOME QUIRKY LITTLE MALCONTENTED WHIM OF THE MOMENT... HUMAN NATURE IS LIKE THAT...
SO, WHY AM I HAVING A "CRISIS"?? WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? ON THE SURFACE EVERYTHING APPEARS TO BE FINE... COULDN'T BE ROSIER... WHO HAS A BETTER LIFE THAN ME?? NOBODY! WHO HAS IT EASIER? SOFTER?
I CAN'T THINK OF A LIVING SOUL I'D TRADE PLACES WITH...
THAT'S JUST IT... I'VE GONE SOFT... I HAVE IT TOO GOOD... THAT'S THE TROUBLE... EVERYTHING'S TOO EASY NOW... I DON'T HAVE TO STRUGGLE ANYMORE... I'M TURNING TO MUSH INSIDE... I USED TO BE TOUGH... I WAS MOTIVATED BY FEAR... NOW ALL I WANT IS FUN FUN FUN, THAT'S MY TROUBLE...
WHO WANTS TO STRUGGLE? WHO WANTS TO SUFFER?!
I'VE CREATED A SWEET LITTLE WORLD AROUND MYSELF AND NOW HERE I SIT... I'M IN A VACUUM... MY OWN LITTLE IVORY TOWER... I'VE DONE A GOOD JOB ON MYSELF ALRIGHT... I'M A SMART COOKIE.. YEP...
I HAVE TO PISS AND I'M HUNGRY. .... GUESS I'LL GET UP....
SO, YOU DECIDED TO GET UP AND FACE THE WORLD... I KNOW IT'S A TOUGH WORLD, BOB...
YEAH... I WAS GETTING HUNGRY. WHAT'S F' BREKFUST ?
IT'S LUNCHTIME ALREADY.. I MADE SOME EGG SALAD... IT'S IN THE FRIDGE..
POTPIE
YOU GOIN' T' TOWN TODAY, ARLINE ?
YEAH ...
I'LL GO WITH YOU... I HAVE TO DO SOME ERRANDS...
HI LITTLE POTSY-PIESY!
OKAY, BUT GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP FIRST, WILL YOU? I DON'T WANT TO BE EMBARRASSED TO BE SEEN WITH YOU.
SPLUT
Later:
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE "BLUE MANGO" AROUND THREE, OKAY?
ALRIGHT.... SEE YOU LATER DAHLING...
OKAY... BYE LI'L GIRL! BYE "MOM"!
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY HERE AS USUAL... THIS TOWN IS SO UTOPIAN, IT'S TRULY AMAZING... NO POOR PEOPLE, NO CRIME, NO ANGRY-LOOKING NEGROES OR THIRD-WORLD OPPRESSED... YOU'D THINK THIS WAS HEAVEN IF YOU JUST GOT OFF THE BOAT HERE...
...IT'S SO BORING, THOUGH.. ITS LOVELY TREE-LINED STREETS ARE INTENSELY IRRITATING FOR SOME REASON... I GUESS I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO LIVE IN SUCH A NICE PLACE..
I HAVE TO SIDDOWN... FEEL WEAK... I WONDER IF I'M PHYSICALLY ILL... MAYBE I'M GETTING SOME KIND OF CHRONIC CONDITION... NO, IT'S ALL IN THE MIND, OBVIOUSLY... "ENNUI" OR SOME SUCH FOOLISHNESS.
I'M NOTHING IF NOT A PERFECT FOOL!
MAYBE I SHOULD TRY CALLING UP SOME OF THE CRAZY GIRLS I KNOW IN THIS TOWN... MAYBE THAT'D PULL ME OUTA THIS SLUMP... LEMME THINK.. MIGHT BE MORE TROUBLE THAN IT'S WORTH... WOMEN ARE SUCH AGGRAVATION... ...STILL...
I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE... SHE WORKS AT KINKO'S KOPIES... DEAR JEEZIZ, WHAT A SPECTACULAR RUMP SHE'S GOT!!

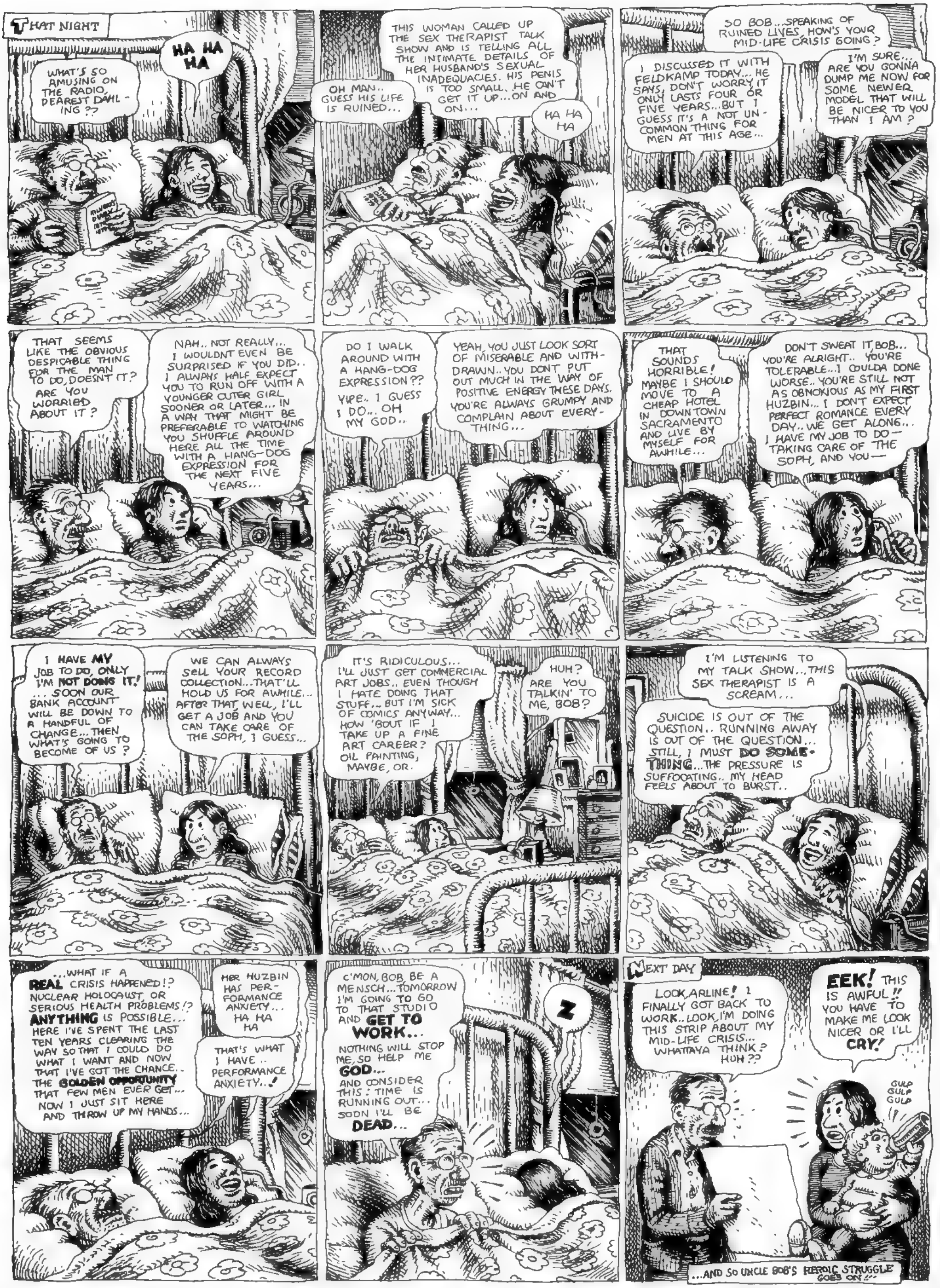

WHAT I SHOULD DO IF I REALLY WANT TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER IS GO SIT IN THE PARK AND MEDITATE FOR AN HOUR... I KNOW THAT WOULD HELP ME A GREAT DEAL...
MEDITATION REALLY WORKS... I USED TO DO IT A FEW YEARS AGO AND IT REALLY DID IMPROVE MY MENTAL STATE... I DID IT EVERY MORNING FOR ABOUT A YEAR...
IT'S AMAZING TO THINK OF THAT NOW... WHERE'D MY SELF-DISCIPLINE GO??
HMM.. I REMEMBER... I STOPPED AFTER THE BABY CAME...
I SHOULD MAKE AN EFFORT TO START MEDITATING AGAIN... THE TRICK IS IF YOU CAN FORCE YOURSELF TO SIT DOWN... TAKE THE TIME OUT AND DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FOR A HALF HOUR A DAY...
IT'S NOT AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS.. I KNOW, I'VE TRIED... SHIT... THE MIND IS ALWAYS FRANTICALLY SEARCHING FOR SOME DISTRACTION, AND IT HAS NO TROUBLE IN FINDING THEM...
CHRIST THERE'S SO MANY HEALTHY-LOOKIN' WOMEN IN THIS TOWN... SUCH FINE SPECIMENS OF VIGOROUS WOOMIN-HOOD!
PHYSICAL FITNESS IS THE THING AT THE UNIVERSITY HERE...
WHO WAS IT THAT SAID: "LORD DELIVER ME FROM SICKLY WOMEN AND HEALTHY MEN"..? I'LL BUY THAT...
GUESS I'LL TRY CALLING THAT CRAZY FRANKI.. SHE'S AN AMAZING SPECIMEN HERSELF...
THOSE ANKLES! THOSE FEET!!
HOPE SHE'S AROUND AND UP FOR A LITTLE VISIT...
BOZO'S TAQUIRIA
TOGO'S SANDWICH SHOP
OH FOR SHERR!
YEAH, I...UH... THOUGHT I'D COME OVER IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING AN' MAKE THAT DRAWING OF YOU LIKE I PROMISED MONTHS AGO...
OH YEAH! OH GOODY... YEAH, THAT MIGHT BE FUN...I'VE NEVER POSED FOR A REAL ARTIST BEFORE...
OKAY, SEE YA IN A LITTLE WHILE...
The Hobbitt FROZEN YOGURT
NUKE THE MEDFLIES
A HALF HOUR LATER
OH HE'S REALLY A NEAT GUY, YOU'D LIKE HIM! HE'S FROM ARIZONA AND HE'S A GENIUS...HE'S A NUCLEAR PHYSICIST AND GUESS WHAT!? HE WANTS TO TAKE ME WITH HIM ON HIS NEXT TREK IN THE HYMALAYAS!!
SOUNDS LIKE A TOTAL JERK, BUT WHADDO I KNOW... HMM... LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE THIS POSE MORE ...UH...UNIQUE...
ISNT THAT EXCITING??
OKAY! HOW DO YOU WANT ME TO BE? TELL ME...
I DUNNO ...LET' ME THINK... CAN YOU BEND BACK LIKE THIS?
OH SHER... I'M REALLY FLEXIBLE... BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HOLD THIS POSITION VERY LONG!
IYIYI, FRANKI! YOU ARE AMAZING! THE THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR BODY!
I KNOW..SOMETIMES ONE'S BODY CAN BE SUCH A MARVELOUS TOY!
I'M IMPRESSED!
I'M TOO FAT, THOUGH, I NEED TO LOSE SOME WEIGHT.
NO, NO, YOU'RE PERFECT.. AND I WANT TO USE YOUR INCREDIBLE BODY FOR A PLAYGROUND!
CRUMB! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? YOU ARE SUCH A PERVERT WEIRDO! GIGGLE TEE HEE SHRIEK!
YOU HAVE TO LET ME DO THESE THINGS TO YOU...
OKAY, BUT ONLY IF IT INSPIRES YOU ARTISTICALLY IN SOME WAY...
OF COURSE! I HAVE TO GET MY CREATIVE ENERGIES FLOWING.
HEH HEH HEH
NOW I'M REALLY GETTING INSPIRED.. AH YES INDEED..
MM!! MY MY!
EEYAARGH YAALLCHH GLHH HAH HA-A-A
GLAUGHH


OHH MY GOD
GHMNHH AHGHH NGNGHHHH
PANT.. PANT... WHEEZE GROAN
SIGHHH
GRUNT
SQUIRT
GOTTA RUN NOW FRANKI.. SORRY I DIDN'T GET TO FINISH THAT DRAWING... I'LL CALL Y' AGAIN SOME-TIME... SOON, HOPEFULLY.. HEH HEH
?
BYE!
NEXT MORNING:
BYE BYE MR DOODY! BYE BYE MR. DOODY!
THERE HE GOES. MR. DOODY'S ALL GONE...
BYE
FLUSH
HOW'S YOUR MID-LIFE CRISIS TODAY, BOB?
OH, I'M NURSING IT ALONG..
BOT!
I SORT OF HATE MYSELF TODAY THOUGH...
REALLY? HOW COME?
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT I SUDDENLY REALIZED WHAT AN OVERBLOWN OPINION I'VE HAD OF MYSELF SINCE I GOT FAMOUS... I'VE BEEN GOING AROUND THINKING I WAS ABSOLUTELY HOT SHIT!
I WOKE UP IN THE PITCH DARK OF THE NIGHT AND IT ALL HIT ME SO HARD MY EARS WERE RINGING... MY FACE GOT HOT... I SWEATED WITH EMBARRASSMENT TO THINK OF IT... JUST BECAUSE A BUNCH OF SYCOPHANTS WHO ARE ALMOST AS RIDICULOUS AS ME TOLD ME I WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL... AND I WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO TAKE THEIR WORD FOR IT... GLIB BASTARDS...
HA HA
IT'S A HORRIBLE FEELING TO WAKE UP IN THE NIGHT AND SUDDENLY REALIZE WHAT A FOOL YOU'VE BEEN—WHAT A SELF-SERVING PURSUIT OF VANITY YOUR ENTIRE LIFE HAS BEEN...
I BET!
POT PIE
I HAD TO FACE THE GRIM TRUTH THAT I TOO HAD BEEN SOLD A BILL OF GOODS AND I BOUGHT IT.. ONLY IN THIS CASE THE SHODDY PRODUCT THAT THEY WERE PUSHING WAS ME! I'M NO LESS GULLIBLE THAN ANY OTHER SCHMUCK WALKING THE STREETS, EVEN THOUGH I LIKE TO THINK I POSSESS SOME SUPERIOR QUALITY OF AWARENESS OR SOME SUCH BULLSHIT.!!
OH MY GOD I'VE BEEN SUCH A POMPOUS ASS!
WELL, MAYBE I'M JUST GETTING OLDER AND LOSING MY YOUTHFUL COCKINESS... HOPEFULLY I'LL BE MORE HUMBLE IN THE FUTURE... I MEAN, PRIDE IN YOUR WORK IS ONE THING, BUT THE KIND OF INFLATED EGO I'VE BEEN STRUTTING AROUND WITH IS... WELL... JUST SO MUCH EXCESS BAGGAGE, THAT'S ALL..
MMM!
HOW'D I GET SUCH A MONSTROUS OVER-BLOWN IDEA OF MYSELF?. EVERYONE IN MY FAMILY IS LIKE THAT... WE ALL THINK WE'RE SOMETHING SPECIAL. I GUESS IT'S A DEFENSE MECHANISM WE ALL DEVELOPED FROM BEING WEIRD SOCIAL OUTCASTS IN ADOLESCENSE... ...MAYBE... I DUNNO...


THEN THERE'S THAT CRAZY BOOK, THE "R. CRUMB CHECKLIST"... THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK...
WHAT AM I S'POSED TO DO AFTER THAT ?? START A NEW CAREER, MAYBE, EXCEPT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO ANYTHING ELSE...
@*!!*!
POT PIE
BOB..
YEAH?
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO YOUR STOODIO NOW AND TRY AN' DO SOME ARTWORK... YOU'RE IN MY WAY HERE..
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT... GUESS I SHOULD..
I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST **IDEA** WHAT I'M GOING TO DO ONCE I GET IN THERE...
I'M SCARED... LOST... CONFUSED... THE R. CRUMB WHO DREW ALL THOSE COMICS IS A TOTAL STRANGER TO ME...
HMM... MAYBE I SHOULD TRY TO FIX THAT LAMP... THE SWITCH DOESN'T WORK..
THE FLOOR IN HERE NEEDS SWEEPING...
WE COULD ALWAYS USE SOME MORE CUT-UP WOOD FOR THE STOVE..
NO NO IT'S ALL WORK AVOIDANCE... PUTTING OFF THE **REAL** WORK THAT AWAITS ME ON THAT DRAWING BOARD IN THERE... C'MON BOB, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL ?! **TIME'S A-WASTIN'!**
I'M NOT READY TO GO IN THERE YET... MY MIND IS IN TURMOIL... I KNOW! I'LL TRY MEDITATING! NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY!
GOOD IDEA... SHOULDA THOUGHTA THIS BEFORE...
I'LL SIT OUT HERE AND JUST LOOK OVER AT THOSE HILLS ACROSS THE ROAD..
IT CAN'T BE DENIED THAT WE LIVE IN A PRETTY LITTLE SPOT HERE...
TAKE A FEW DEEP BREATHS... FOCUS ON THE BREATHING..
"THE BREATH IS THE HORSE OF THE BODHISATVAS," SO IT IS SAID...
RELAX THE BODY... JEEZIZ, I'M ALL TENSED UP... I'M SO HYPED-UP ALL THE TIME...
THE MIND, BOB... THE MIND IS RAGING... THE MIND IS LIKE 42ND AND BROADWAY... WATCH THE MIND GO, GO, GO...
YES, YES, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL BETTER ALREADY... WHY WORRY ABOUT A BUNCH OF FOOLISH NONSENSE.. "R. CRUMB CHECKLIST".. WHAT IS THAT TO ME... PISH POSH... A MERE BAG A' SHELLS... A RIPPLE ON THE SEA OF LIFE... FEH!!
BANNER
ON THE SEA OF LIFE
C.E. NANCE
SINGERS
OKEH
DOMINO
SNURK


THERE'S A LITTLE DUTCH MILL~~ ON A LITTLE DUTCH HILL~
AND A LITTLE DUTCH BOY AND A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL~~
SAVE IT FOR LATER
DON'T FORGET TO BREATH... DEEPLY.. EVENLY
HEY THAT'S PRETTY.
I GIVE UP... ALL I EVER THINK ABOUT IS SEX AND COLLECTING OLD RECORDS.
MY OVER-HEATED IMAGINATION IS HARD TO GET UNDER CONTROL..
LATER
'EY CRUMB!
EH, WHO'S THERE??
FELDKAMP OVER HEAH.
'EY, OVER DEAH!
FELDKAMP, HOW Y'DOIN'?
WHATSIS ABOUT A MID-LIFE CRISIS??
OH.. HAW... PHAW... WHAT A JOKE, HUH? HEY, EVERYTHING'S COMIN' UP ROSES... KID'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.. PLACE IS COMIN' TOGETHER. EVERYTHING'S COMIN' UP ROSES...

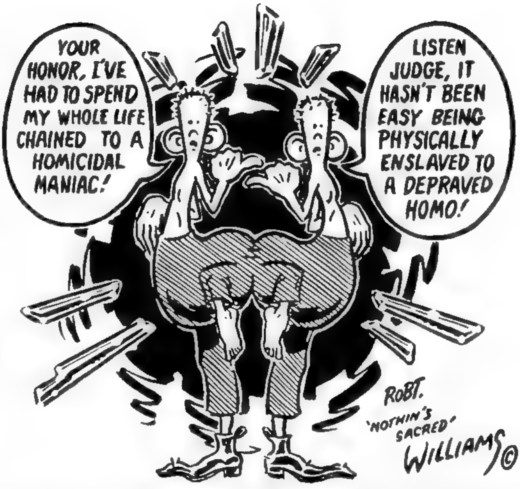

HEY PAL, MID-LIFE CRISIS IS NO JOKE... I OUGHTA KNOW... BUT DON'T WORRY, IT DOESN'T LAST MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE YEARS... SNICKER
OY... WHAT'D YOU DO ABOUT IT?
I WROTE A SONG ABOUT IT... "GOT THE MID-LIFE CRISIS—GOT TH' MID-LIFE CRISIS— CERTAINLY IS A DRAG TO ME —
THERE'S NOTHING T' DO ABOUT IT.. YOU JUST HAVE TO WAIT IT OUT.... WHATSIS YOU'RE WORKING ON HERE??
OH UH, I'M TRYING TO FIX THIS LAMP SWITCH ...IT'S A TRICKLY LITTLE GODDAMN THING... BEEN TRYIN' T'PUT THIS BACK TOGETHER FOR TWO HOURS ALREADY.. THERE'S A TINY PIECE OF METAL THAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW IT FITS IN HERE..
Y'KNOW YOU CAN BUY A NEW ONE O' THOSE AT THE HARDWARE STORE FOR A BUCK AN'A HALF, CRUMB.. YOU'RE NOT THAT POOR!
I KNOW I KNOW ...I GOT OBSESSED WITH FIGURING OUT HOW TO PUT THIS STOOPID THING BACK TOGETHER... IT'S WORK AVOIDANCE, BASICALLY, IS WHAT IT IS..
I SHOULD BE IN MY STOODIO WORKING ON COMICS BUT I'M STYMIED BY ACUTE SELF CONSCIOUSNESS.. I'M ALL FROZE UP ABOUT DRAWING...
MAN YOU GOT IT BAD...
IT'S ALL EGO EGO EGO.. BECAUSE I THINK I'M SO GREAT AN' ALL LIKE THAT..
I'VE COME TO THE POINT WHERE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO LIVE UP TO MY OWN SELF-IMAGE...IT'S TOO HARD TO BE A GREAT ARTIST...WHY CAN'T I JUST RELAX AND FORGET ABOUT IT??
YEAH, I KNOW.. SUCCESS CAN DO WEIRD THINGS TO YOUR KARMA... I USETA RUN A MUSIC STORE IN SANTA FE...IT WAS A VERY SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS.. A VERY PRESTIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENT... I HADDA GET OUT OF IT... ONE DAY I UP AN' LEFT EVERYTHING... AN' NOW HERE I AM WITH A WIFE AN' TWO KIDS AN' NO CAREER AT AGE FORTY...
WELL, THEY SAY LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY
Y' EVER HEAR ABOUT THESE OLDER GUYS LIKE WHO RUN OFF WITH YOUNG GIRLS? Y'KNOW, LIKE SOME FIFTY OR SIXTY YEAR OLD GUY DITCHES HIS WIFE AN' TAKES UP WITH SOME TWENTY-YEAR OLD CHICK? D'YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THAT?
SURE... A YOUNG SWEETIE LIKE THAT CAN DO WONDERS FOR YOUR EGO...I CAN SEE WHY ANY GUY WOULD DO THAT IF HE HAD THE CHANCE...
AND YOU CAN IMPRESS A ROMANTIC YOUNG CHICK PRETTY EASILY, TOO... JEEZIZ..
S'FUNNY HOW YOU STRUGGLE AND STRIVE FOR YEARS TO GET YOURSELF INTO A NICE CUTE LITTLE SET-UP LIKE I HAVE HERE AND THEN—
YEAH, YOU THINK, WELL THIS IS WHAT I WANTED ALL ALONG, ISN'T IT? NICE FAMILY, NICE PLACE, PLEASANT WORK..
THIS IS THE MOMENT WHEN YOU COULD REALLY BLOW IT BAD... I CAN SEE THAT...
THAT'S WHY I SAY THE WISEST THING IS PROBABLY TO DO NOTHING... WAIT IT OUT... IT'LL PASS..
I GUESS.. IF I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST OF MY F'CK'N LIFE...
TH' WIFE'S NOT TOO SYMPATHETIC.. SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME WHEN I SHOW WEAKNESS, UNCERTAINTY... SHE GETS IRRITATED AT ME... ACTS ANNOYED... BITCHY....
OF COURSE,.... WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT... THEY OPERATE ON A DIFFERENT CLOCK... THEY GO THROUGH THEIR CRISIS ONCE A MONTH.. HEY, MAN, CAN I BORROW SOME OF THIS SCRAP WOOD??
TAKE WHAT YOU WANT... I'LL HELP YOU LOAD IT UP...
THANKS, MAN.. WE'RE BUILDING A SHED BEHIND OUR TRAILOR... YEAH, THEY DON'T BUILD UP YOUR EGO ANYMORE AFTER THEY HAVE KIDS.. THEY CHANGE AFTER THEY HAVE KIDS...
YEP.. IT'S NEVER THE SAME AGAIN.
ARLINE'S REALLY CHANGED SINCE SHE HAD THE SOPH... NOW SHE'S 'MOM'...SHE DOESNT PAY THAT MUCH ATTENTION TO ME ANYMORE, EXCEPT TO HAND ME A DIRTY DIAPER TO RINSE OUT IN THE TOILET!
YEAH, THOSE YOUNG GIRLS START TO LOOK INVITING...
YOU KNOW YOU COULD CHARM TH' PANTS OFF 'EM TOO... TH' WHOLE THING WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER THAN WHEN YOU WERE A YOUNG PUP WITH NO EXPERIENCE...
I DON'T THINK I COULD DO IT THOUGH.. LEAVE YOUR FAMILY IN THE LURCH JUST FOR YOUR OWN LITTLE EGO GRATIFICATION... ALOT A' GUYS DO IT THOUGH... I CAN SEE AN OCCASIONAL LITTLE AFFAIR, MAYBE, BUT...
THAT'S THE TROUBLE.. YOU'RE AT THIS POINT IN LIFE WHERE PURSUING YET MORE MALE EGO SATISFACTION SEEMS FOOLISH AND SELFISH... SO YOU CANT DO THAT EITHER...
SO WHAT **CAN** YOU **DO??**
I DUNNO... NOTHING... WAIT IT OUT...


THAT NIGHT
HA HA HA
WHAT'S SO AMUSING ON THE RADIO, DEAREST DAHLING ??
THIS WOMAN CALLED UP THE SEX THERAPIST TALK SHOW AND IS TELLING ALL THE INTIMATE DETAILS OF HER HUSBAND'S SEXUAL INADEQUACIES. HIS PENIS IS TOO SMALL.. HE CAN'T GET IT UP...ON AND ON...
OH MAN.. GUESS HIS LIFE IS RUINED...
HA HA HA
SO BOB...SPEAKING OF RUINED LIVES, HOW'S YOUR MID-LIFE CRISIS GOING?
I DISCUSSED IT WITH FELDKAMP TODAY... HE SAYS, DON'T WORRY IT ONLY LASTS FOUR OR FIVE YEARS...BUT I GUESS IT'S A NOT UNCOMMON THING FOR MEN AT THIS AGE...
I'M SURE... ARE YOU GONNA DUMP ME NOW FOR SOME NEWER MODEL THAT WILL BE NICER TO YOU THAN I AM?
THAT SEEMS LIKE THE OBVIOUS DESPICABLE THING FOR THE MAN TO DO, DOESNT IT? ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT IT?
NAH.. NOT REALLY... I WOULDNT EVEN BE SURPRISED IF YOU DID.. I ALWAYS HALF EXPECT YOU TO RUN OFF WITH A YOUNGER CUTER GIRL SOONER OR LATER... IN A WAY THAT MIGHT BE PREFERABLE TO WATCHING YOU SHUFFLE AROUND HERE ALL THE TIME WITH A HANG-DOG EXPRESSION FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS...
DO I WALK AROUND WITH A HANG-DOG EXPRESSION?? YIPE.. I GUESS I DO.. OH MY GOD..
YEAH, YOU JUST LOOK SORT OF MISERABLE AND WITHDRAWN.. YOU DONT PUT OUT MUCH IN THE WAY OF POSITIVE ENERGY THESE DAYS. YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMPY AND COMPLAIN ABOUT EVERYTHING...
THAT SOUNDS HORRIBLE! MAYBE I SHOULD MOVE TO A CHEAP HOTEL IN DOWNTOWN SACRAMENTO AND LIVE BY MYSELF FOR AWHILE...
DON'T SWEAT IT, BOB... YOU'RE ALRIGHT.. YOU'RE TOLERABLE...I COULDA DONE WORSE.. YOU'RE STILL NOT AS OBNOXIOUS AS MY FIRST HUZBIN... I DON'T EXPECT PERFECT ROMANCE EVERY DAY.. WE GET ALONG... I HAVE MY JOB TO DO— TAKING CARE OF THE SOPH, AND YOU—
I HAVE MY JOB TO DO, ONLY I'M NOT DOING IT! ... SOON OUR BANK ACCOUNT WILL BE DOWN TO A HANDFUL OF CHANGE... THEN WHAT'S GOING TO BECOME OF US?
WE CAN ALWAYS SELL YOUR RECORD COLLECTION...THAT'LL HOLD US FOR AWHILE... AFTER THAT, WELL, I'LL GET A JOB AND YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF THE SOPH, I GUESS...
IT'S RIDICULOUS... I'LL JUST GET COMMERCIAL ART JOBS.. EVEN THOUGH I HATE DOING THAT STUFF... BUT I'M SICK OF COMICS ANYWAY... HOW 'BOUT IF I TAKE UP A FINE ART CAREER? OIL PAINTING, MAYBE, OR.
HUH? ARE YOU TALKIN' TO ME, BOB?
I'M LISTENING TO MY TALK SHOW...THIS SEX THERAPIST IS A SCREAM...
SUICIDE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.. RUNNING AWAY IS OUT OF THE QUESTION... STILL, I MUST DO SOMETHING...THE PRESSURE IS SUFFOCATING.. MY HEAD FEELS ABOUT TO BURST..
...WHAT IF A REAL CRISIS HAPPENED!? NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST, OR SERIOUS HEALTH PROBLEMS!? ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE... HERE I'VE SPENT THE LAST TEN YEARS CLEARING THE WAY SO THAT I COULD DO WHAT I WANT AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE CHANCE.. THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY THAT FEW MEN EVER GET... NOW I JUST SIT HERE AND THROW UP MY HANDS...
HER HUZBIN HAS PERFORMANCE ANXIETY... HA HA HA
THAT'S WHAT I HAVE.. PERFORMANCE ANXIETY..!
C'MON, BOB, BE A MENSCH...TOMORROW I'M GOING TO GO TO THAT STUDIO AND GET TO WORK... NOTHING WILL STOP ME, SO HELP ME GOD... AND CONSIDER THIS: TIME IS RUNNING OUT... SOON I'LL BE DEAD...
Z
NEXT DAY
LOOK, ARLINE! I FINALLY GOT BACK TO WORK.. LOOK, I'M DOING THIS STRIP ABOUT MY MID-LIFE CRISIS... WHATTAYA THINK? HUH??
EEK! THIS IS AWFUL!! YOU HAVE TO MAKE ME LOOK NICER OR I'LL CRY!
GULP GULP GULP
...AND SO UNCLE BOB'S HEROIC STRUGGLE GOES ON!!!

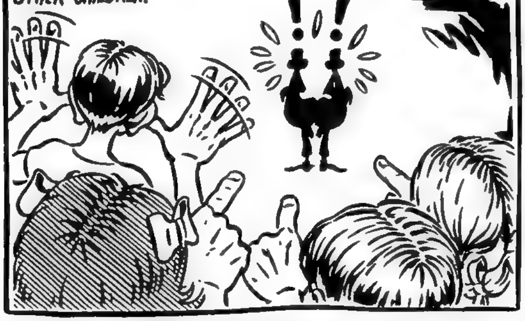
A PSYCHIATRIC PROGNOSIS OF

THE SIAMESE FIENDLINGS

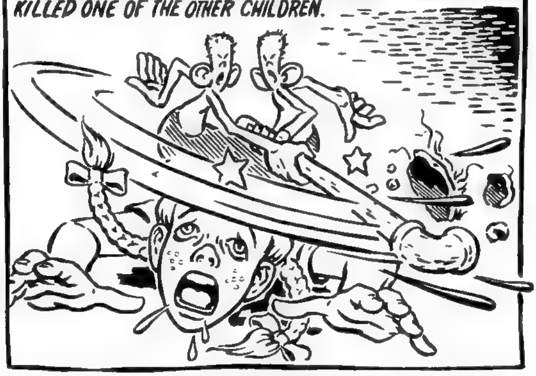
THE SPINKWHEATHER BROTHERS, MARCUS & MABUS, WERE NEVER REALLY AT FAULT. BESIDES THEIR UNFORTUNATE BIRTH DEFECT (JOINED AT THE BUTTOCKS) THEY SUFFERED A BRUTAL ADOLESCENCE. THEIR MOTHER, A PRISON MATRON, DESERTED THEM AND THEIR FATHER (A LUTHERAN PASTOR), AND TOOK UP WITH A REFORMED PROSTITUTE TO LEAD A LIFE OF TRIBADISM. LATER THE FATHER IN A STATE OF SHAME & DESPONDENCY TRIED TO SEPARATE THE BOYS WITH AN AXE BUT ONLY INCURED SEVERE HEAD INJURIES ON BOTH. AFTER THE FATHER'S INCARCERATION FOR CHILD ABUSE, THE COURT PLACED THE BOYS IN THE HOME OF A BLIND AUNT WHOM FOR SOME REASON HAD BEEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THE LITTLE FELLOWS WERE ONE PERSON.


YOUR HONOR, I'VE HAD TO SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE CHAINED TO A HOMICIDAL MANIAC!
LISTEN JUDGE, IT HASN'T BEEN EASY BEING PHYSICALLY ENSLAVED TO A DEPRAVED HOMO!
RoBT. 'NOTHIN'S SACRED' WILLIAMS ©

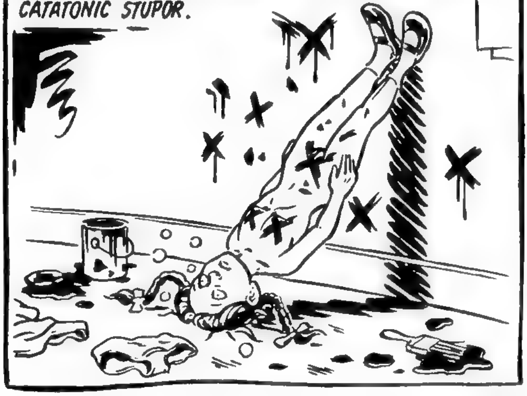
AS IF THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE AUNT WASN'T ENOUGH OF A WOUND TO THE POOR BOYS' PSYCHES, THEY WERE THEN PLACED IN A ORPHANAGE THAT HAD NO PROVISIONS FOR CHILDREN WITH SUCH SPECIAL NEEDS. AND CONSEQUENTLY FACED FURTHER DAMAGE BY BEING SUBJECTED TO THE RIDICULE OF THE OTHER CHILDREN.



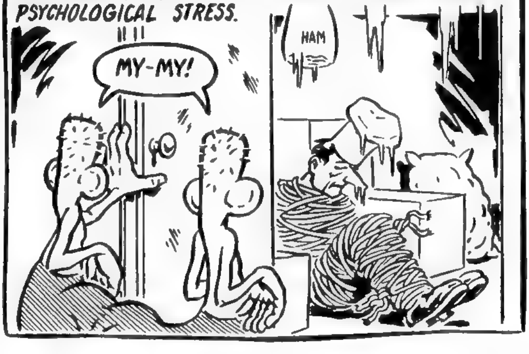
MARCUS & MABUS' INSTITUTIONALIZATION PROVED DISASTROUS. IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND THEMSELVES & CAST OFF AN OBVIOUS 'OEDIPUS COMPLEX' AGAINST THEIR FATHER, THEY INADVERTENTLY KILLED ONE OF THE OTHER CHILDREN.



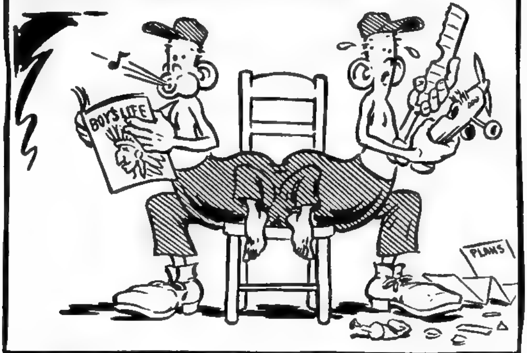
THERE WERE MANY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS. A YOUNG BOY WAS MISSING FROM THE ORPHANAGE. ANOTHER CHILD WAS SEXUALLY ASSAULTED, HER GENITALS PAINTED BLUE & LEFT IN A CATATONIC STUPOR.



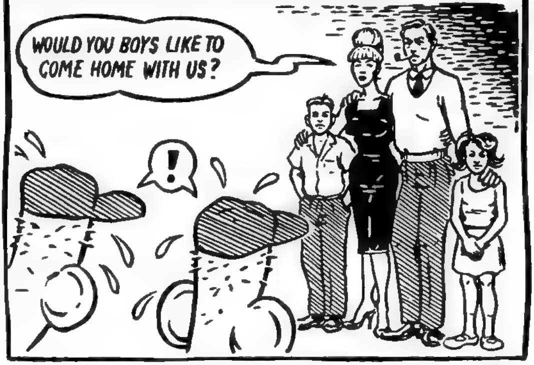
THERE WERE OTHER UNSETTLING MYSTERIES. THERE WAS FOOD IN THE CAFETERIA THAT HAD BEEN POISONED & THE NEXT DAY ONE OF THE COOKS WAS FOUND TIED UP & FROZEN IN THE FOOD LOCKER. MARCUS & MABUS HAD KITCHEN DUTIES DURING THIS PERIOD OF TIME & MUST HAVE SUFFERED FURTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL STRESS.



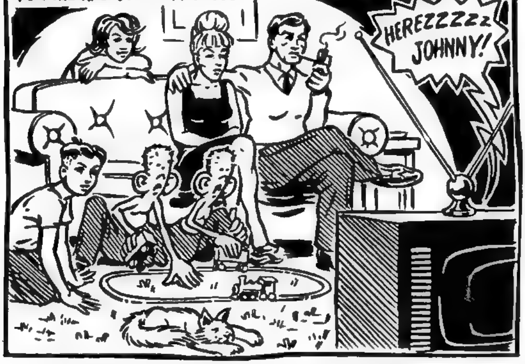
THE OFFICIALS DEEMED THE UNFORTUNATE PAIR AS HOPELESS & THEY WERE ADMITTED TO A MINIMUM SECURITY FACILITY. FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS THE BOYS REMAINED QUIET & FOR ALL INTENSIVE PURPOSES READY FOR SOCIETY.



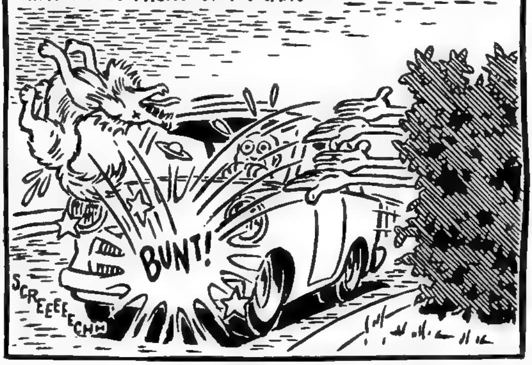
BUT INSIDE THEM A GREAT STORM WAS BREWING. ON MAY 18TH. 1979, MARCUS & MABUS WERE RELEASED IN THE CUSTODY OF THE GALLAGHER FAMILY AND WOULD BE ACCEPTED EQUALLY WITH THEIR TWO OTHER CHILDREN.


WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO COME HOME WITH US?
!

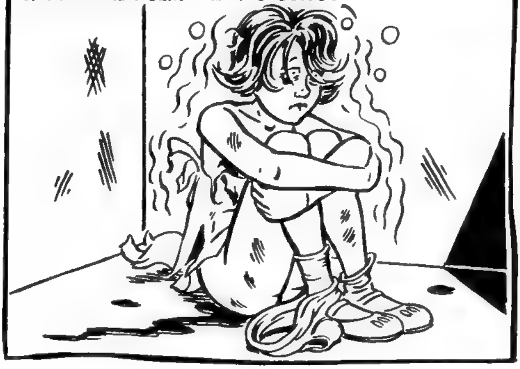
THINGS WENT VERY WELL AT FIRST. THE GALLAGHERS GAVE THEM EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE IN THE JOYS OF BEING PART OF A WARM FAMILY CIRCLE. BUT THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL HAD COME TO LATE.


HEREZZZZz JOHNNY!

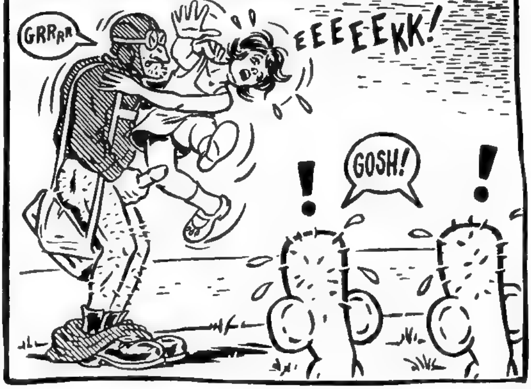
FUNNY THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN. THE FAMILY CAT 'BOOTS' TURNED UP MISSING. THREE DAYS LATER THEIR COLLIE, 'MR. ED' WAS HIT BY A CAR. THE DRIVER CLAIMED THE DOG WAS THROWN IN FRONT OF HIS CAR.

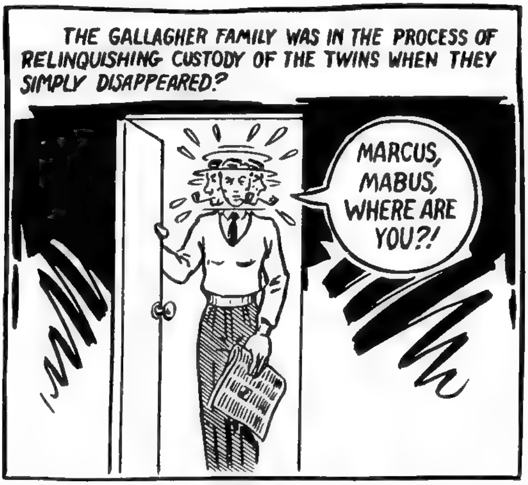


TWO DAYS LATER A HORRIBLE INCIDENT BEFELL THE GALLAGHER FAMILY. THEIR YOUNG DAUGHTER TRACY, BECAME WITHDRAWN & DESPONDENT. UPON CLOSE EXAMINATION IT WAS DISCOVERED SHE HAD BEEN SEXUALLY MOLESTED.

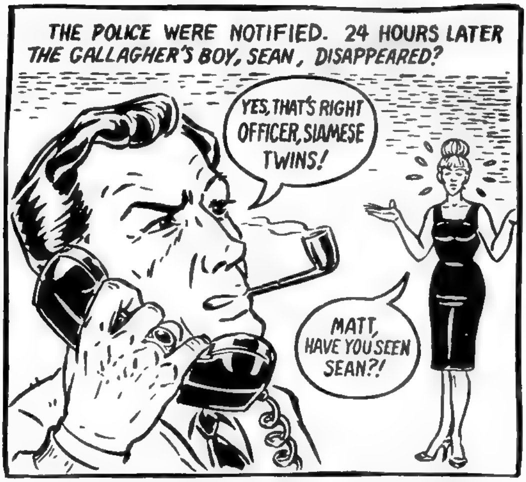


AFTER AN IN DEPTH INTERROGATION, MARCUS & MABUS ADMITTED WITNESSING "A BIG MAN DRESSED LIKE AN AVIATOR TRYING TO MAKE A BABY WITH TRACY"!

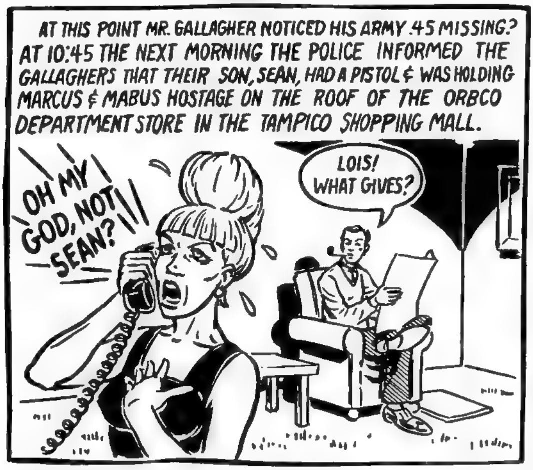



THE GALLAGHER FAMILY WAS IN THE PROCESS OF RELINQUISHING CUSTODY OF THE TWINS WHEN THEY SIMPLY DISAPPEARED?

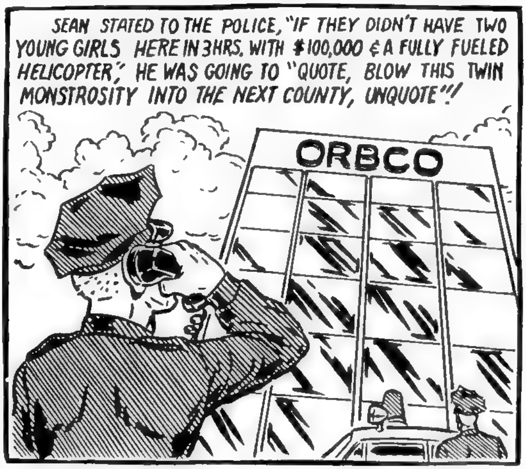
MARCUS, MABUS, WHERE ARE YOU?!

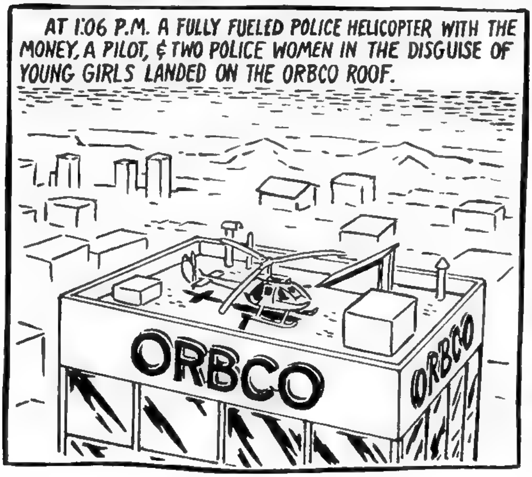

THE POLICE WERE NOTIFIED. 24 HOURS LATER THE GALLAGHER'S BOY, SEAN, DISAPPEARED?

YES, THAT'S RIGHT OFFICER, SIAMESE TWINS!
MATT, HAVE YOU SEEN SEAN?!

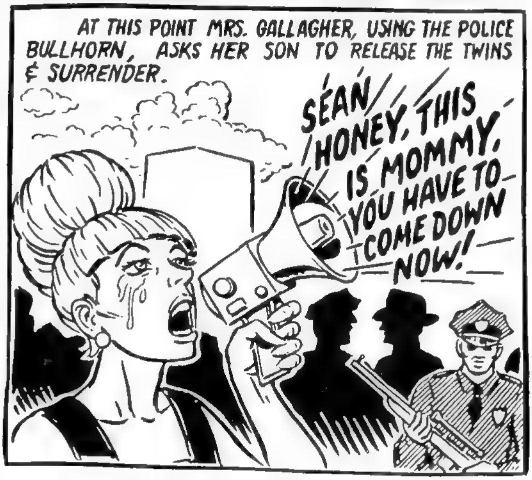

AT THIS POINT MR. GALLAGHER NOTICED HIS ARMY .45 MISSING? AT 10:45 THE NEXT MORNING THE POLICE INFORMED THE GALLAGHERS THAT THEIR SON, SEAN, HAD A PISTOL & WAS HOLDING MARCUS & MABUS HOSTAGE ON THE ROOF OF THE ORBCO DEPARTMENT STORE IN THE TAMPICO SHOPPING MALL.

OH MY GOD, NOT SEAN?
LOIS! WHAT GIVES?

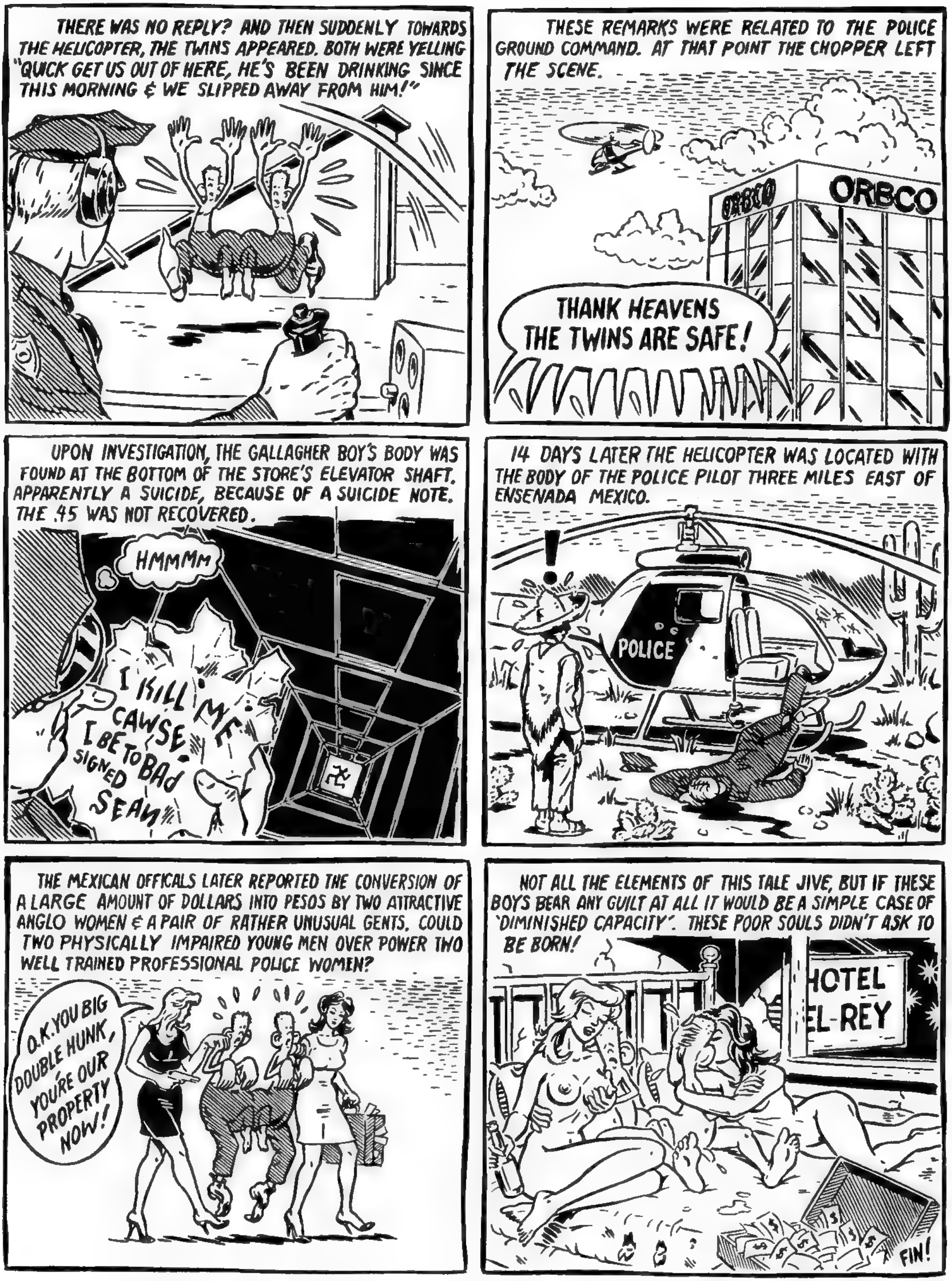

SEAN STATED TO THE POLICE, "IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE TWO YOUNG GIRLS HERE IN 3HRS. WITH $100,000 & A FULLY FUELED HELICOPTER," HE WAS GOING TO "QUOTE, BLOW THIS TWIN MONSTROSITY INTO THE NEXT COUNTY, UNQUOTE"!


AT 1:06 P.M. A FULLY FUELED POLICE HELICOPTER WITH THE MONEY, A PILOT, & TWO POLICE WOMEN IN THE DISGUISE OF YOUNG GIRLS LANDED ON THE ORBCO ROOF.

ORBCO
ORBCO


AT THIS POINT MRS. GALLAGHER, USING THE POLICE BULLHORN, ASKS HER SON TO RELEASE THE TWINS & SURRENDER.

SEAN HONEY, THIS IS MOMMY, YOU HAVE TO COME DOWN NOW!



THERE WAS NO REPLY? AND THEN SUDDENLY TOWARDS THE HELICOPTER, THE TWINS APPEARED. BOTH WERE YELLING "QUICK GET US OUT OF HERE, HE'S BEEN DRINKING SINCE THIS MORNING & WE SLIPPED AWAY FROM HIM!"

THESE REMARKS WERE RELATED TO THE POLICE GROUND COMMAND. AT THAT POINT THE CHOPPER LEFT THE SCENE.

ORBCO
ORBCO
THANK HEAVENS THE TWINS ARE SAFE!

UPON INVESTIGATION, THE GALLAGHER BOY'S BODY WAS FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STORE'S ELEVATOR SHAFT. APPARENTLY A SUICIDE, BECAUSE OF A SUICIDE NOTE. THE .45 WAS NOT RECOVERED.

HMMMM
I KILL ME CAWSE I BE TO BAD SIGNED SEAN

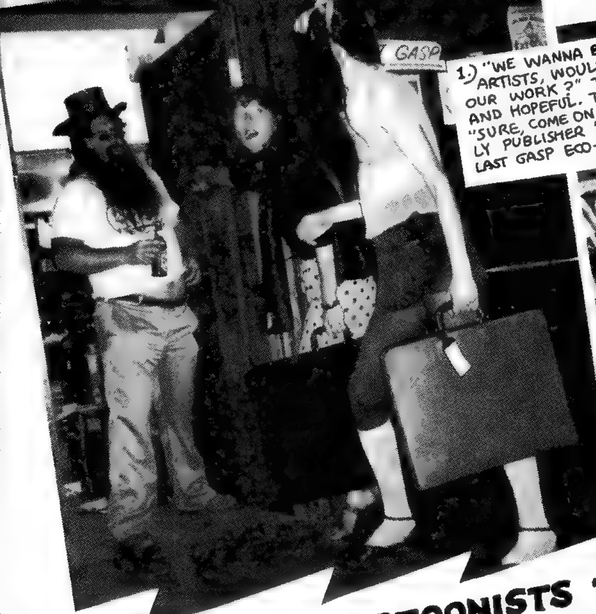
14 DAYS LATER THE HELICOPTER WAS LOCATED WITH THE BODY OF THE POLICE PILOT THREE MILES EAST OF ENSENADA MEXICO.

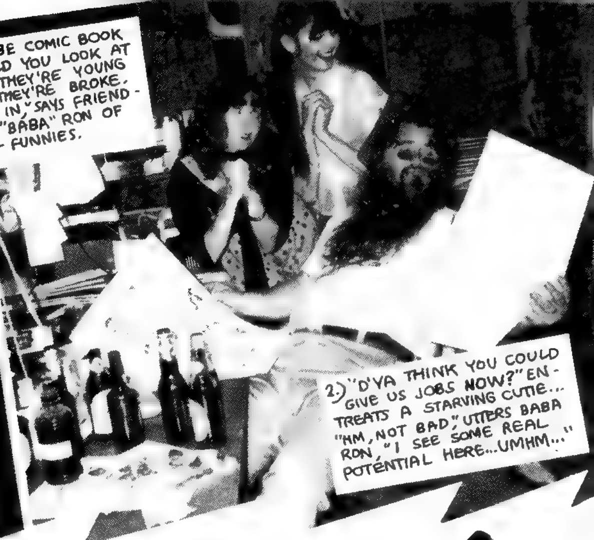
THE MEXICAN OFFICALS LATER REPORTED THE CONVERSION OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF DOLLARS INTO PESOS BY TWO ATTRACTIVE ANGLO WOMEN & A PAIR OF RATHER UNUSUAL GENTS. COULD TWO PHYSICALLY IMPAIRED YOUNG MEN OVER POWER TWO WELL TRAINED PROFESSIONAL POLICE WOMEN?

O.K. YOU BIG DOUBLE HUNK, YOU'RE OUR PROPERTY NOW!

NOT ALL THE ELEMENTS OF THIS TALE JIVE, BUT IF THESE BOYS BEAR ANY GUILT AT ALL IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE CASE OF 'DIMINISHED CAPACITY'. THESE POOR SOULS DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN!

HOTEL EL-REY
FIN!

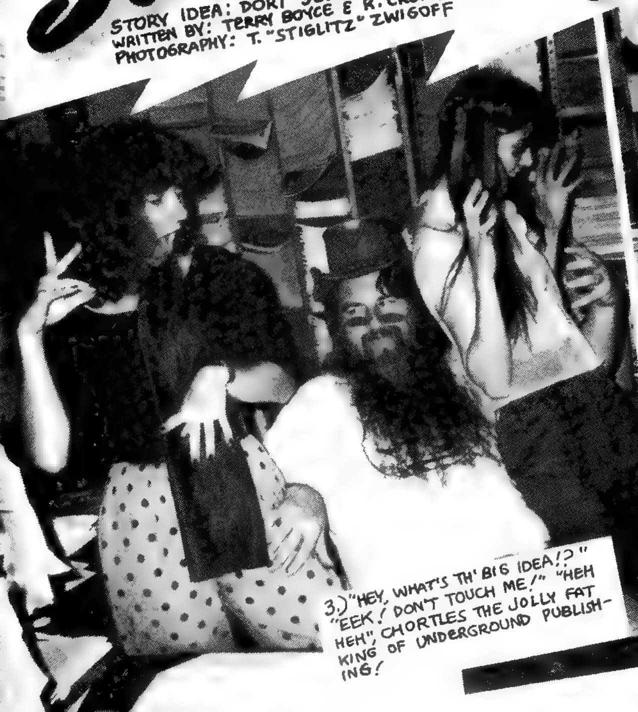

GASP
1.) "WE WANNA BE COMIC BOOK ARTISTS, WOULD YOU LOOK AT OUR WORK ?" THEY'RE YOUNG AND HOPEFUL. THEY'RE BROKE. "SURE, COME ON IN," SAYS FRIENDLY PUBLISHER "BABA" RON OF LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES.

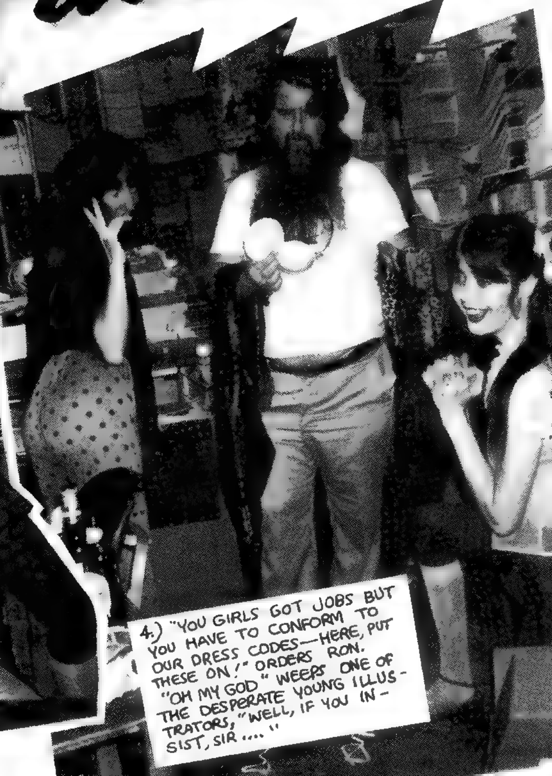

2.) "D'YA THINK YOU COULD GIVE US JOBS NOW?" ENTREATS A STARVING CUTIE... "HM, NOT BAD," UTTERS BABA RON, "I SEE SOME REAL POTENTIAL HERE...UMHM..."

GIRL CARTOONISTS TURNED INTO...

Slaves of the Comicbook Factory!

STORY IDEA: DORI SEDA
WRITTEN BY: TERRY BOYCE & R. CRUMB
PHOTOGRAPHY: T. "STIGLITZ" ZWIGOFF


3.) "HEY, WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA!?" "EEK! DON'T TOUCH ME!" "HEH HEH," CHORTLES THE JOLLY FAT KING OF UNDERGROUND PUBLISHING!

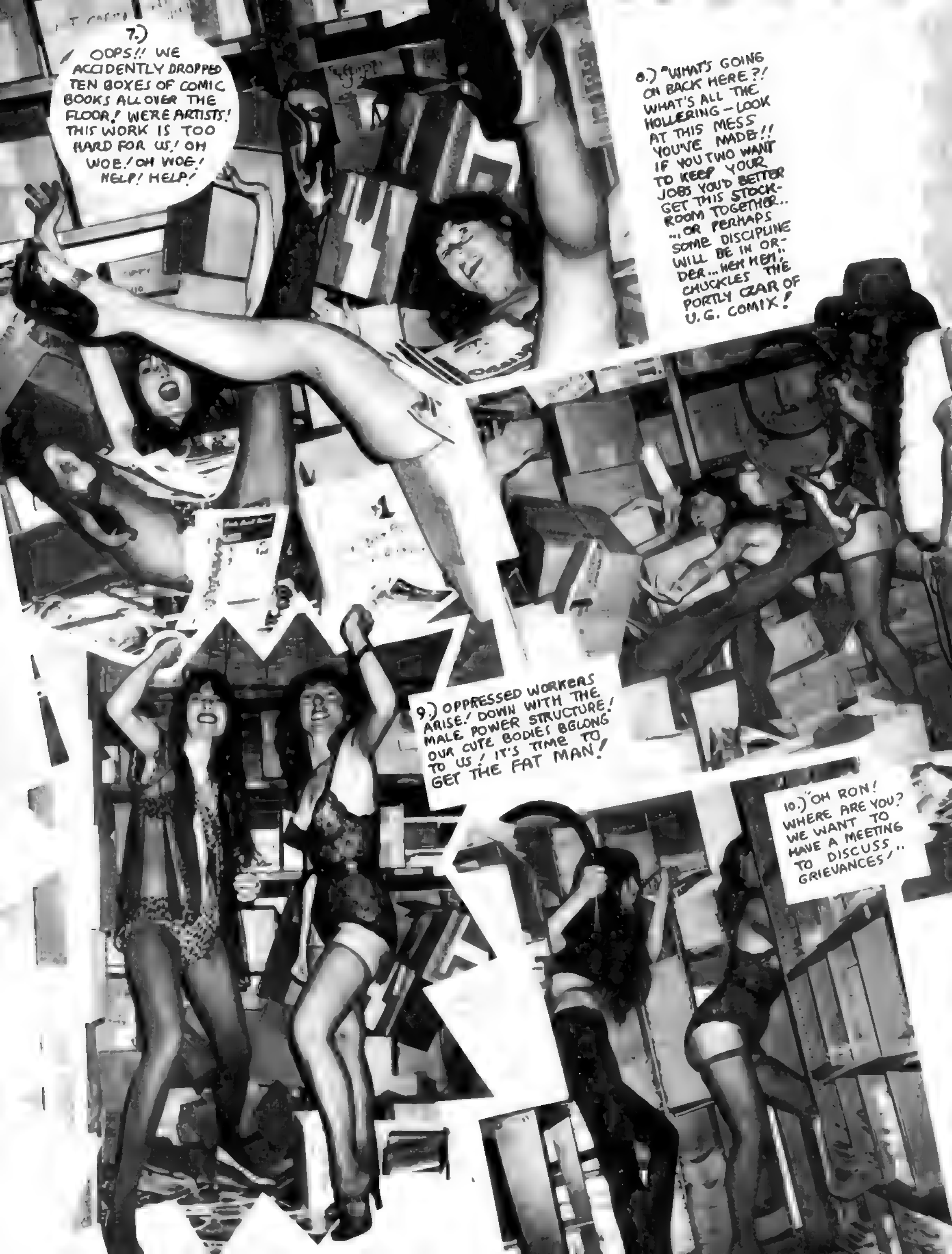

4.) "YOU GIRLS GOT JOBS BUT YOU HAVE TO CONFORM TO OUR DRESS CODES—HERE, PUT THESE ON!" ORDERS RON. "OH MY GOD" WEEPS ONE OF THE DESPERATE YOUNG ILLUSTRATORS, "WELL, IF YOU INSIST, SIR ...."

5.) "NOW GET TO WORK! LIFT THOSE BOXES!" BELLOWS THE SINISTER FAT MAN, SNAPPING HIS WHIP OVER THE GIRLS. "I WANT THIS PLACE CLEANED UP IN ONE HOUR!"

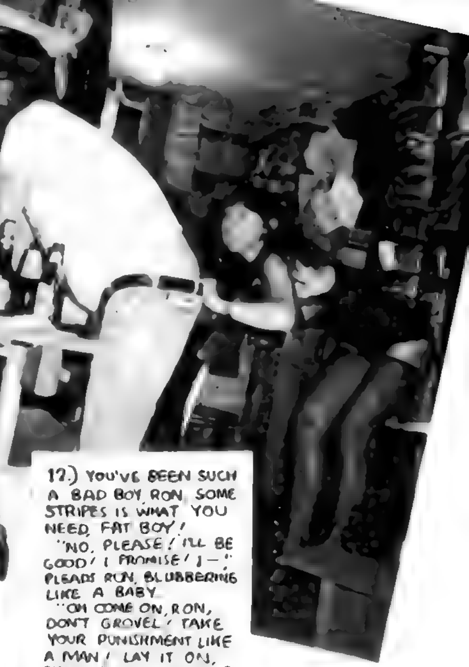
"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING," SHRIEKS A SHOCKED AND DISMAYED NEW EMPLOYEE.

"So, you want jobs, eh? I'll give you jobs!"

6.) "GEE, THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND AT ALL! UGH! THESE BOXES FULL OF COMICS WEIGH A TON! WHEN DO WE GET TO DRAW?" GROANS VENUS V-2 UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HUNDREDS OF COMIC BOOKS. "I'M SO DEPRESSED," WAILS THE CONFUSED SYLVIA SILICOSIS.

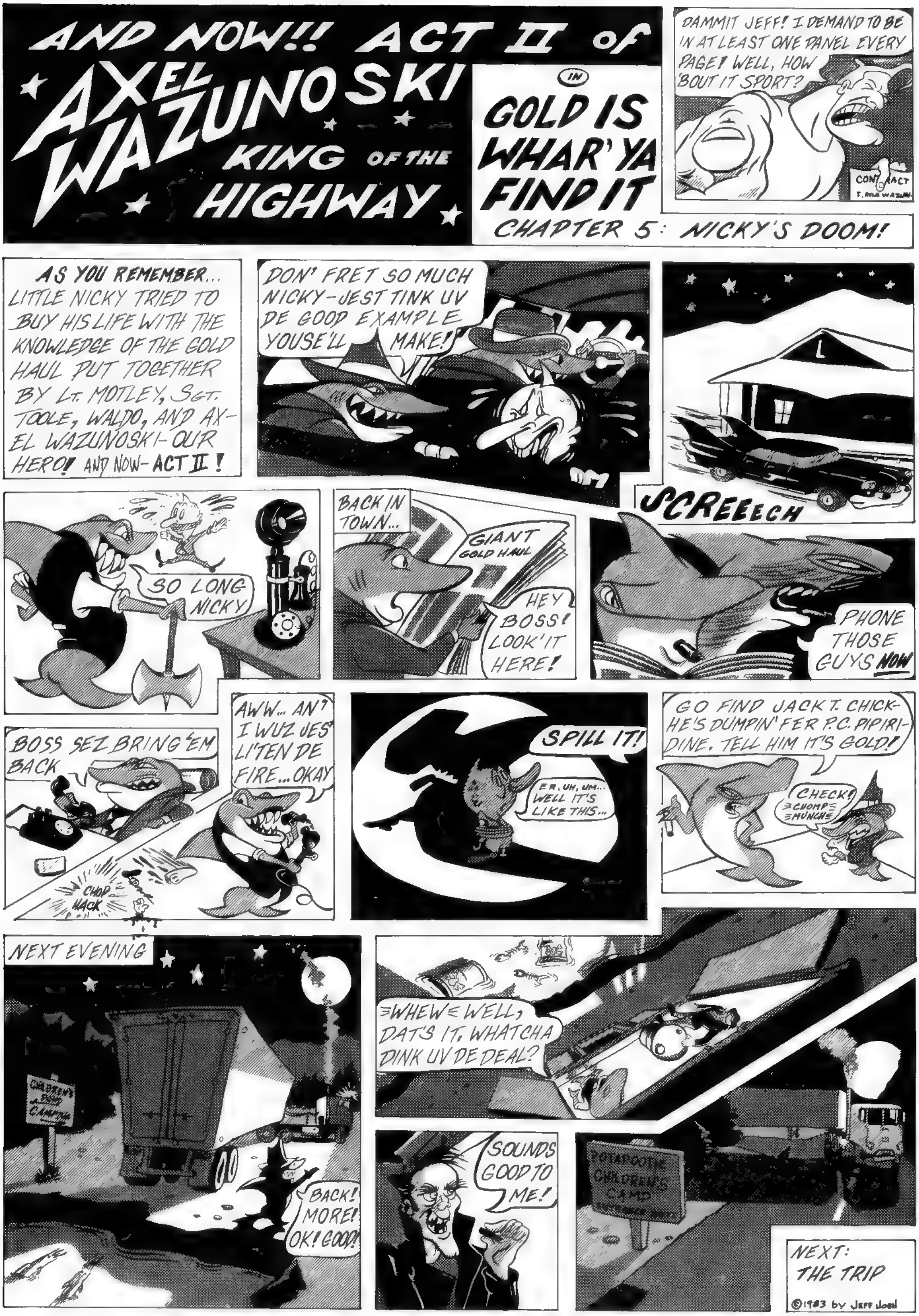

7.) OOPS!! WE ACCIDENTLY DROPPED TEN BOXES OF COMIC BOOKS ALL OVER THE FLOOR! WERE ARTISTS! THIS WORK IS TOO HARD FOR US! OH WOE! OH WOE! HELP! HELP!
8.) "WHAT'S GOING ON BACK HERE?! WHAT'S ALL THE HOLLERING – LOOK AT THIS MESS YOU'VE MADE!! IF YOU TWO WANT TO KEEP YOUR JOBS YOU'D BETTER GET THIS STOCKROOM TOGETHER... ..OR PERHAPS SOME DISCIPLINE WILL BE IN ORDER... HEH HEH," CHUCKLES THE PORTLY CZAR OF U.G. COMIX!
9.) OPPRESSED WORKERS ARISE! DOWN WITH THE MALE POWER STRUCTURE! OUR CUTE BODIES BELONG TO US! IT'S TIME TO GET THE FAT MAN!
10.) "OH RON! WHERE ARE YOU? WE WANT TO HAVE A MEETING TO DISCUSS GRIEVANCES!"

11.) "LOOKS LIKE THE TABLES HAVE TURNED, BIG FELLA," SCREAMS SYLVIA SILICOSIS, CACKLING GLEEFULLY. "WE'LL GIVE THE ORDERS AROUND HERE FROM NOW ON," SPITS VENUS V-2 BETWEEN CLENCHED TEETH.



12.) YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A BAD BOY, RON. SOME STRIPES IS WHAT YOU NEED, FAT BOY!
"NO, PLEASE! I'LL BE GOOD! I PROMISE! I—!" PLEADS RON, BLUBBERING LIKE A BABY.
"OH COME ON, RON, DON'T GROVEL! TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT LIKE A MAN! LAY IT ON, SYLVIA," SAYS VENUS V-2. SYLVIA IS ONLY TOO EAGER FOR **THIS** WORK!

13.) WE'LL SPARE YOU THE PITIFUL SIGHT OF BABA RON'S HUMILIATION AT THE HANDS OF THESE VENGEFUL VIXENS.
"HEY, THIS COMIC BIZ AIN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL," SAYS VENUS V-2. "UH, I'LL HAVE MORE COFFEE, RON ... ON THE DOUBLE!"
"I NEVER DREAMED IT COULD BE SO MUCH FUN!" SHRIEKS THE OVERJOYED SYLVIA SILICOSIS. "HAS RON BEEN BAD AGAIN YET?"


AND NOW!! ACT II of
AXEL WAZUNOSKI KING OF THE HIGHWAY
IN
GOLD IS WHAR' YA FIND IT
DAMMIT JEFF! I DEMAND TO BE IN AT LEAST ONE PANEL EVERY PAGE! WELL, HOW 'BOUT IT SPORT?
CONTRACT
CHAPTER 5: NICKY'S DOOM!
AS YOU REMEMBER... LITTLE NICKY TRIED TO BUY HIS LIFE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE GOLD HAUL PUT TOGETHER BY LT. MOTLEY, SGT. TOOLE, WALDO, AND AXEL WAZUNOSKI - OUR HERO! AND NOW - ACT II !
DON' FRET SO MUCH NICKY - JEST TINK UV DE GOOD EXAMPLE YOUSE'LL MAKE!
L
SCREEECH
SO LONG NICKY
BACK IN TOWN...
GIANT GOLD HAUL
HEY BOSS! LOOK'IT HERE!
PHONE THOSE GUYS NOW
BOSS SEZ BRING 'EM BACK
AWW... AN' I WUZ JES' LITEN DE FIRE... OKAY
CHOP HACK
SPILL IT!
ER, UH, UM... WELL IT'S LIKE THIS...
GO FIND JACK T. CHICK - HE'S DUMPIN' FER P.C. PIPIRIDINE. TELL HIM IT'S GOLD!
CHECK!
CHOMP MUNCH
NEXT EVENING
CHILDREN'S CAMPING
BACK! MORE! OK! GOOD!
WHEW WELL, DAT'S IT. WHATCHA DINK UV DE DEAL?
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!
POTATOOTIE CHILDREN'S CAMP
NEXT: THE TRIP
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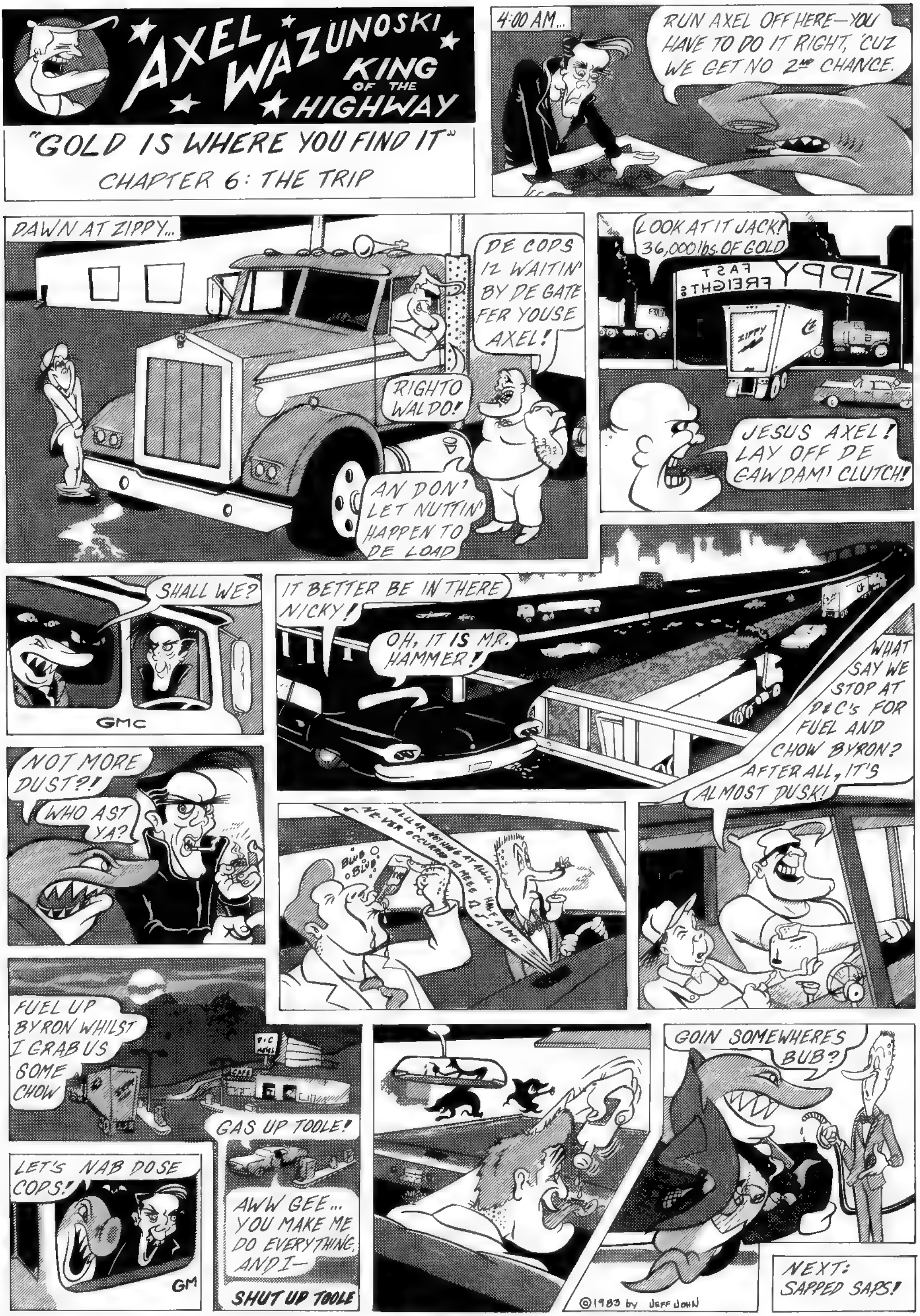
AXEL WAZUNOSKI
KING OF THE HIGHWAY

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"
CHAPTER 6: THE TRIP


4:00 AM...
RUN AXEL OFF HERE—YOU HAVE TO DO IT RIGHT, 'CUZ WE GET NO 2ND CHANCE.
DAWN AT ZIPPY...
DE COPS IZ WAITIN' BY DE GATE FER YOUSE AXEL!
RIGHTO WALDO!
AN DON' LET NUTTIN' HAPPEN TO DE LOAD
LOOK AT IT JACK! 36,000 lbs. OF GOLD
ZIPPY FAST FREIGHT
ZIPPY
JESUS AXEL! LAY OFF DE GAWDAM' CLUTCH!
SHALL WE?
GMC
IT BETTER BE IN THERE NICKY!
OH, IT IS MR. HAMMER!
WHAT SAY WE STOP AT D&C's FOR FUEL AND CHOW BYRON? AFTER ALL, IT'S ALMOST DUSK!
NOT MORE DUST?!
WHO AST YA?
BLUB BLUB
ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL. HALF A LOVE NEVER OCCURRED TO MEEE
FUEL UP BYRON WHILST I GRAB US SOME CHOW
D&C MTLS
CAFE
GAS UP TOOLE!
LET'S NAB DOSE COPS!
GM
AWW GEE... YOU MAKE ME DO EVERYTHING, AND I—
SHUT UP TOOLE
GOIN SOMEWHERES BUB?
NEXT: SAPPED SAPS!

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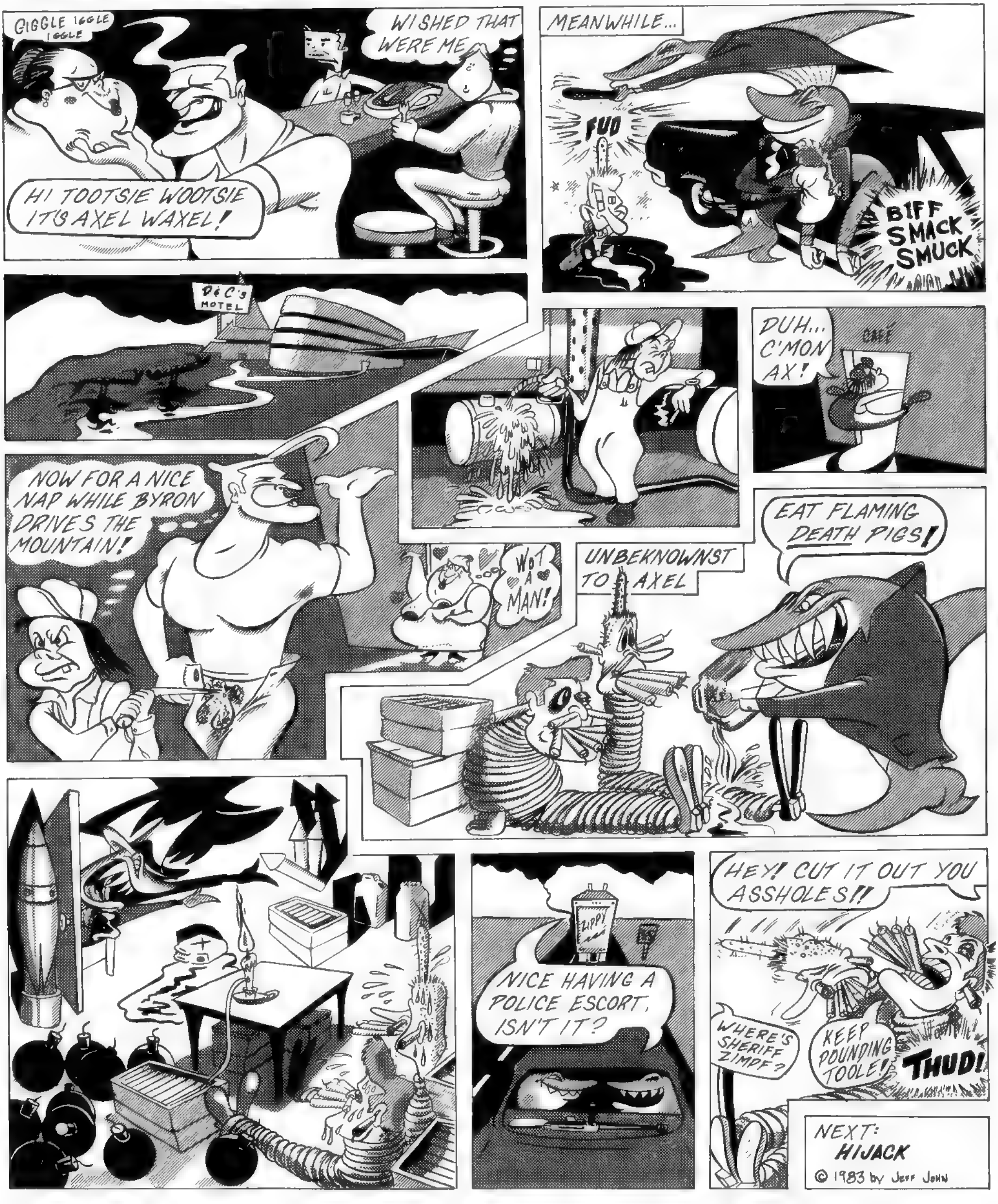
AXEL WAZUNOSKI KING OF THE HIGHWAY

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

CHAPTER 7 SAPPED SAPS


GIGGLE IGGLE IGGLE
WISHED THAT WERE ME
HI TOOTSIE WOOTSIE IT'S AXEL WAXEL!
MEANWHILE...
FUD
BIFF SMACK SMUCK
D&C's MOTEL
DUH... C'MON AX!
CAFÉ
NOW FOR A NICE NAP WHILE BYRON DRIVES THE MOUNTAIN!
WOT A MAN!
UNBEKNOWNST TO AXEL
EAT FLAMING DEATH PIGS!
ZIPPY
NICE HAVING A POLICE ESCORT, ISN'T IT?
HEY! CUT IT OUT YOU ASSHOLES!!
WHERE'S SHERIFF ZIMPF?
KEEP POUNDING TOOLE!
THUD!
NEXT: HIJACK

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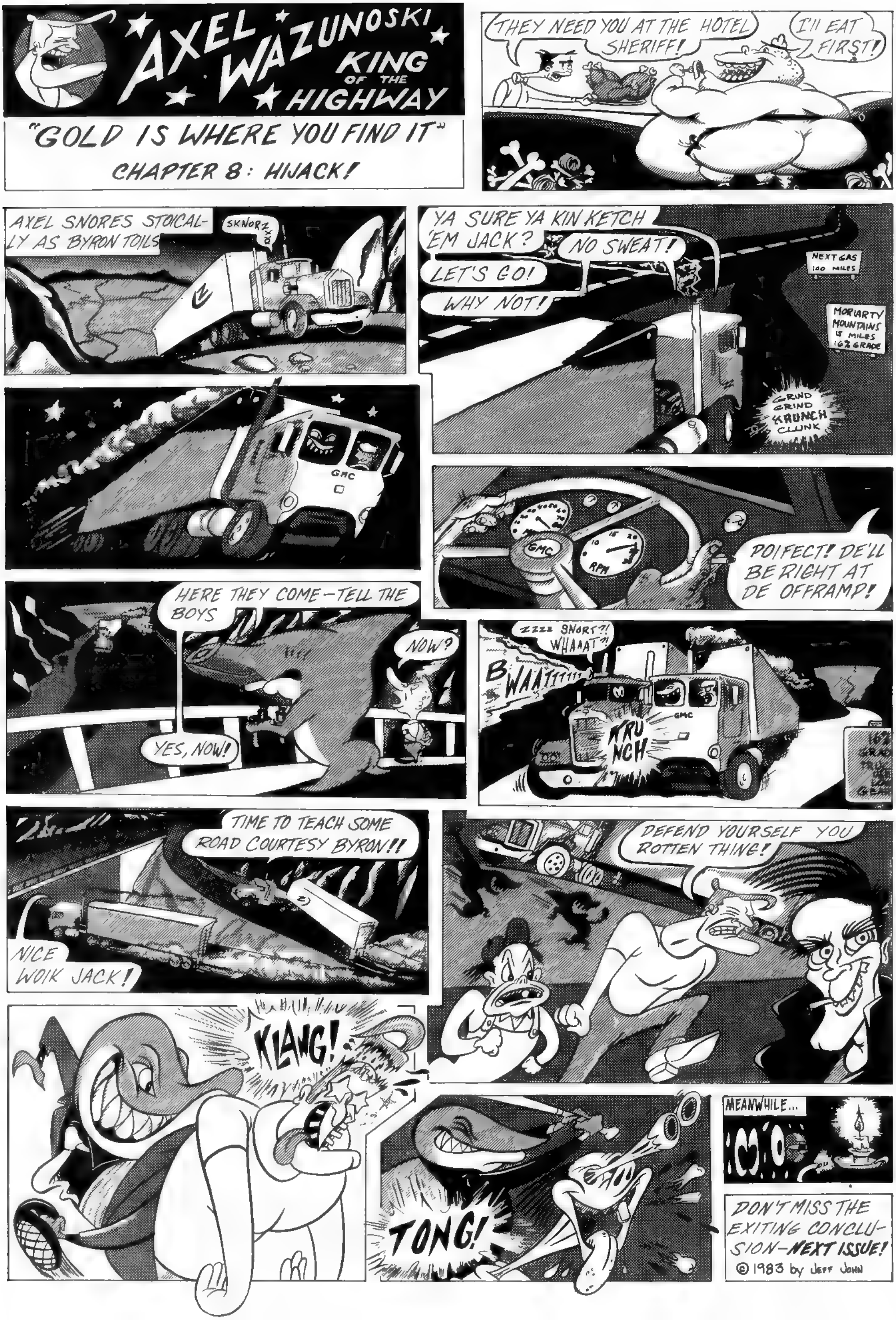
AXEL WAZUNOSKI KING OF THE HIGHWAY

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

CHAPTER 8: HIJACK!


THEY NEED YOU AT THE HOTEL SHERIFF!
I'LL EAT FIRST!
AXEL SNORES STOICALLY AS BYRON TOILS
SKNORZ ZZZ
YA SURE YA KIN KETCH 'EM JACK?
NO SWEAT!
LET'S GO!
WHY NOT!
NEXT GAS 100 MILES
MORIARTY MOUNTAINS 15 MILES 16% GRADE
GRIND GRIND KRUNCH CLUNK
GMC
GMC
15 20 RPM
POIFECT! DE'LL BE RIGHT AT DE OFFRAMP!
HERE THEY COME—TELL THE BOYS
NOW?
YES, NOW!
ZZZZ SNORT?! WHAAAT?!
BWAAAIIIII
KRUNCH
GMC
TIME TO TEACH SOME ROAD COURTESY BYRON!!
NICE WOIK JACK!
DEFEND YOURSELF YOU ROTTEN THING!
KLANG!
TONG!
MEANWHILE...
DON'T MISS THE EXITING CONCLUSION—NEXT ISSUE!

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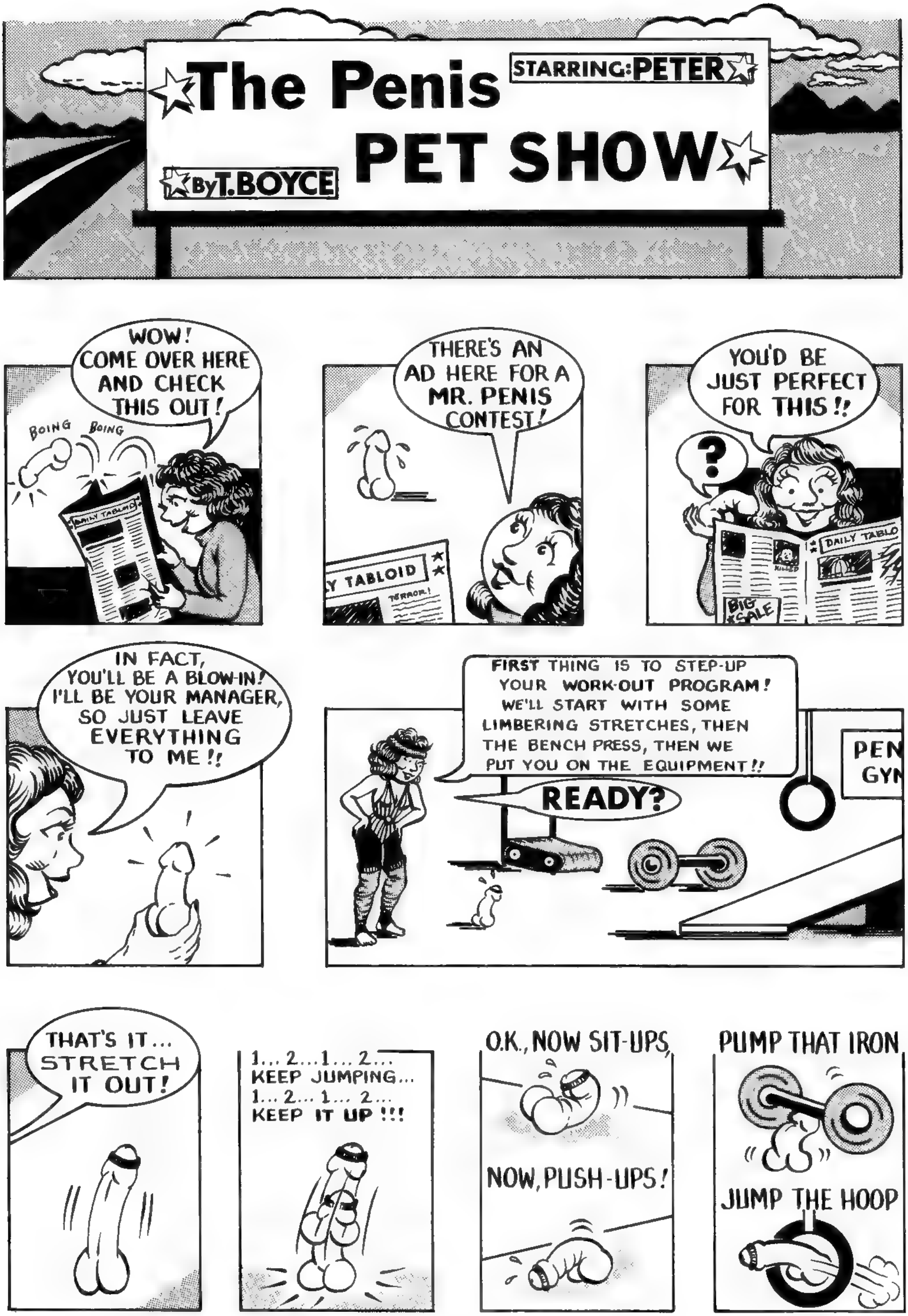
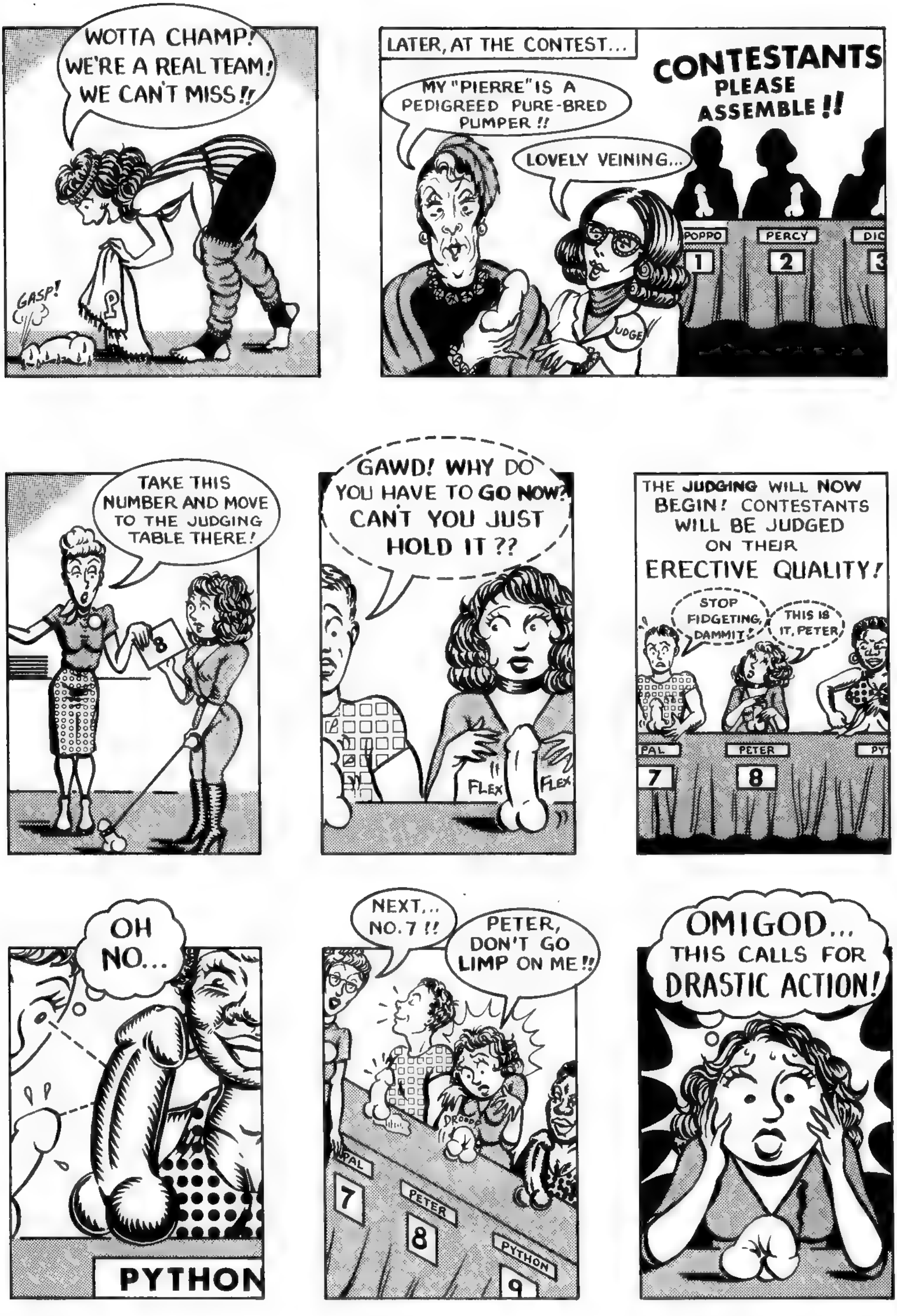
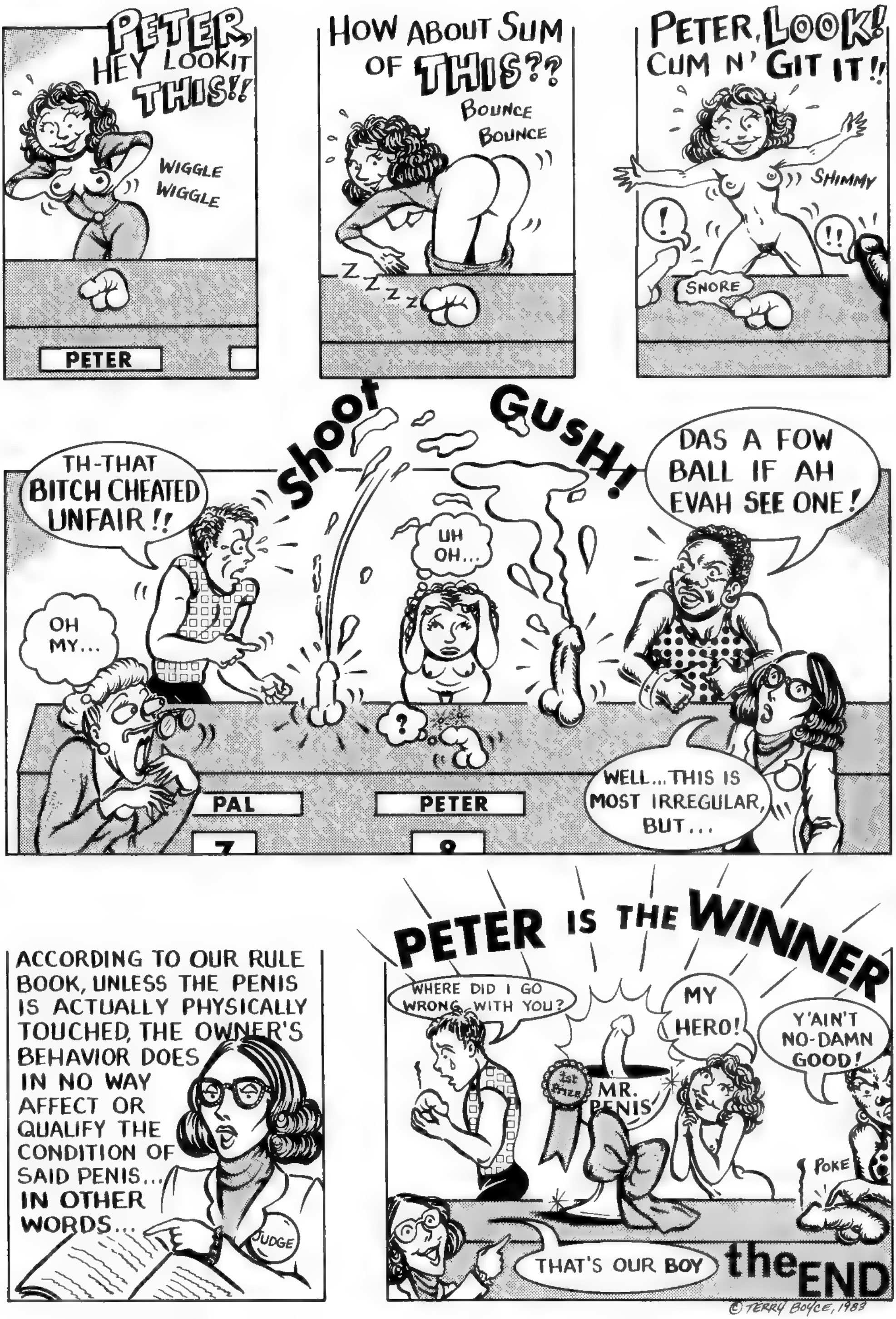
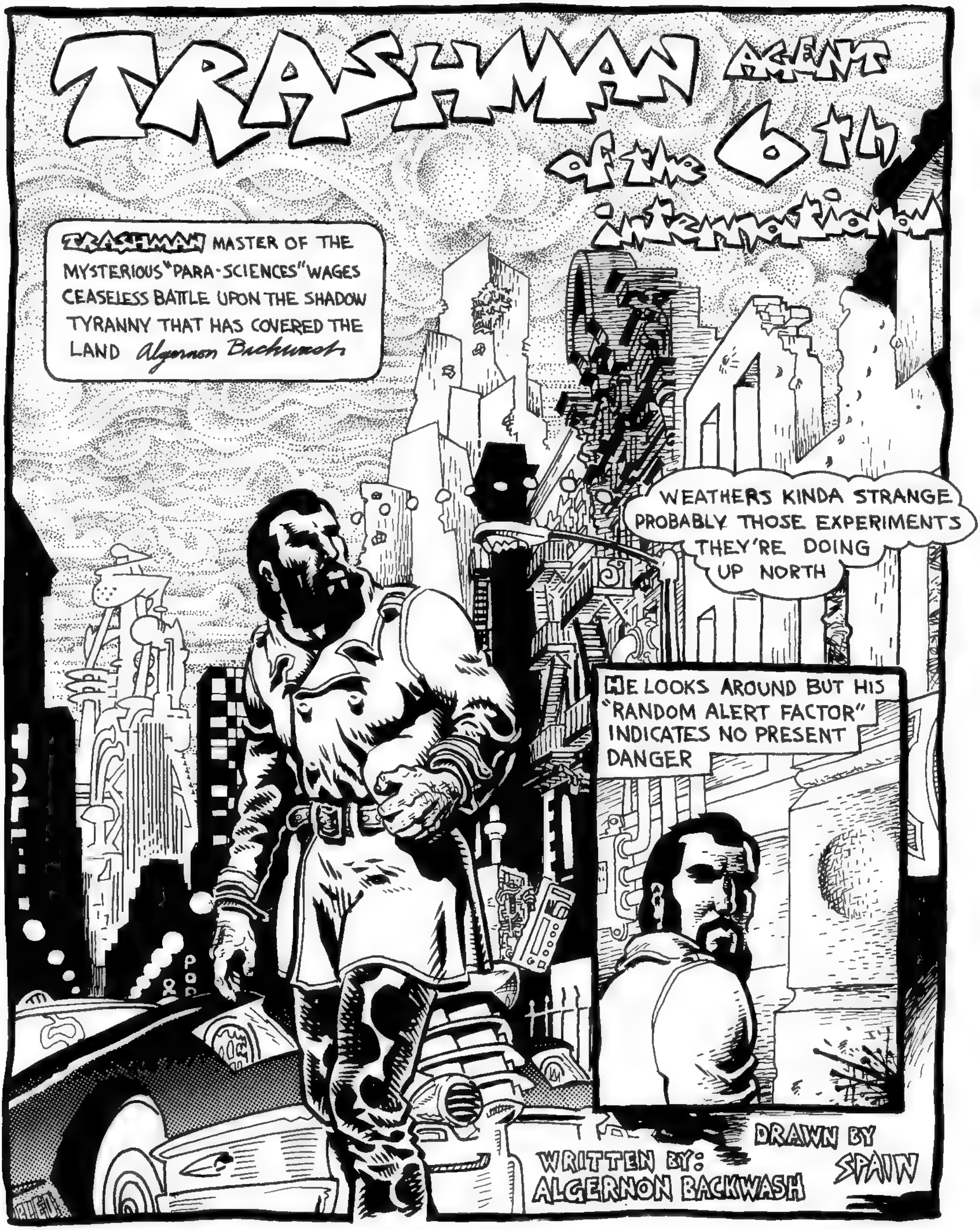

The Penis PET SHOW
STARRING: PETER
By T. BOYCE
WOW! COME OVER HERE AND CHECK THIS OUT!
BOING BOING
DAILY TABLOID
THERE'S AN AD HERE FOR A MR. PENIS CONTEST!
Y TABLOID
TERROR!
YOU'D BE JUST PERFECT FOR THIS!!
?
DAILY TABLO
BIG SALE
IN FACT, YOU'LL BE A BLOW-IN! I'LL BE YOUR MANAGER, SO JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!!
FIRST THING IS TO STEP-UP YOUR WORK-OUT PROGRAM! WE'LL START WITH SOME LIMBERING STRETCHES, THEN THE BENCH PRESS, THEN WE PUT YOU ON THE EQUIPMENT!!
READY?
PEN
GY
THAT'S IT... STRETCH IT OUT!
1... 2...1... 2... KEEP JUMPING... 1... 2... 1... 2... KEEP IT UP!!!
O.K., NOW SIT-UPS,
NOW, PUSH-UPS!
PUMP THAT IRON
JUMP THE HOOP


WOTTA CHAMP! WE'RE A REAL TEAM! WE CAN'T MISS!!
GASP!
LATER, AT THE CONTEST...
MY "PIERRE" IS A PEDIGREED PURE-BRED PUMPER!!
LOVELY VEINING...
CONTESTANTS PLEASE ASSEMBLE!!
POPPO
1
PERCY
2
DIC
3
JUDGE
TAKE THIS NUMBER AND MOVE TO THE JUDGING TABLE THERE!
8
GAWD! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO GO NOW? CAN'T YOU JUST HOLD IT??
FLEX
FLEX
THE JUDGING WILL NOW BEGIN! CONTESTANTS WILL BE JUDGED ON THEIR ERECTIVE QUALITY!
STOP FIDGETING, DAMMIT!
THIS IS IT, PETER!
PAL
7
PETER
8
PY
OH NO...
PYTHON
NEXT... NO.7!!
PETER, DON'T GO LIMP ON ME!!
DROOP
PAL
7
PETER
8
PYTHON
9
OMIGOD... THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC ACTION!


PETER, HEY LOOKIT THIS!!
WIGGLE WIGGLE
PETER
HOW ABOUT SUM OF THIS??
BOUNCE BOUNCE
Z Z Z Z
PETER, LOOK! CUM N' GIT IT!!
SHIMMY
!
!!
SNORE
Shoot
GusH!
TH-THAT BITCH CHEATED UNFAIR!!
UH OH...
DAS A FOW BALL IF AH EVAH SEE ONE!
OH MY...
?
PAL
PETER
7
8
WELL... THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR, BUT...
ACCORDING TO OUR RULE BOOK, UNLESS THE PENIS IS ACTUALLY PHYSICALLY TOUCHED, THE OWNER'S BEHAVIOR DOES IN NO WAY AFFECT OR QUALIFY THE CONDITION OF SAID PENIS... IN OTHER WORDS...
JUDGE
PETER IS THE WINNER
WHERE DID I GO WRONG WITH YOU?
MY HERO!
Y'AIN'T NO-DAMN GOOD!
1st PRIZE
MR. PENIS
POKE
THAT'S OUR BOY
the END

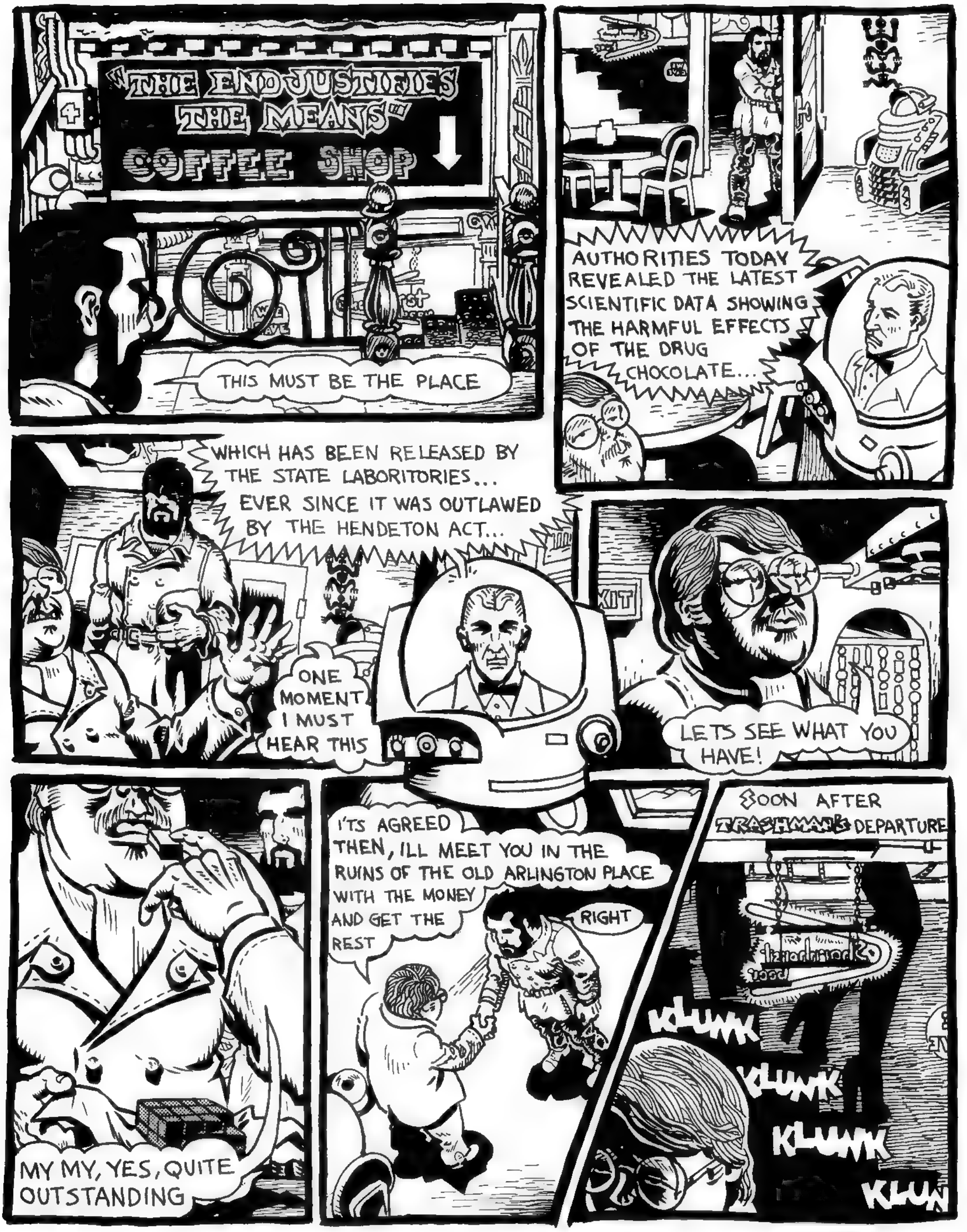
© TERRY BOYCE, 1983

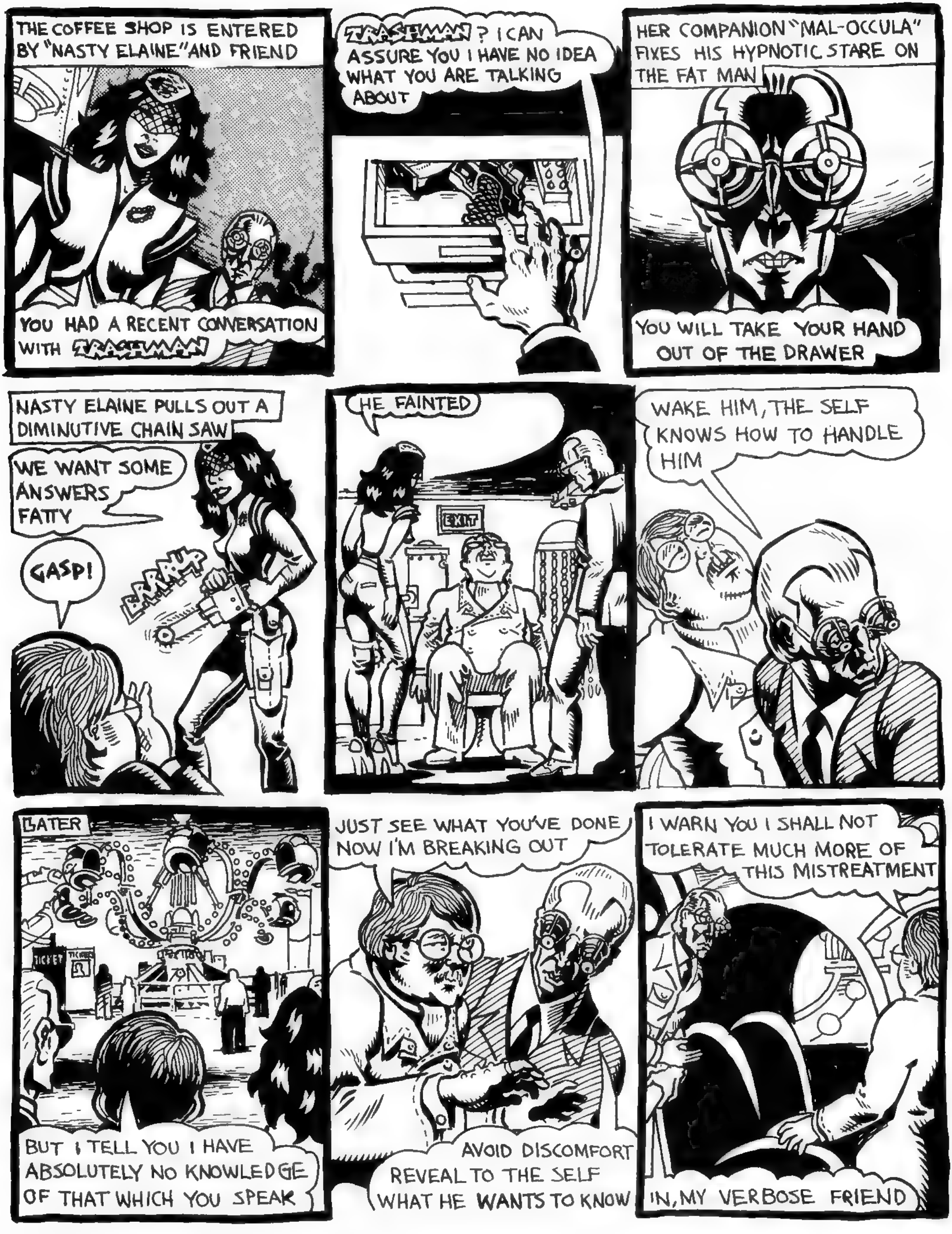
TRASHMAN AGENT OF THE 6th INTERNATIONAL

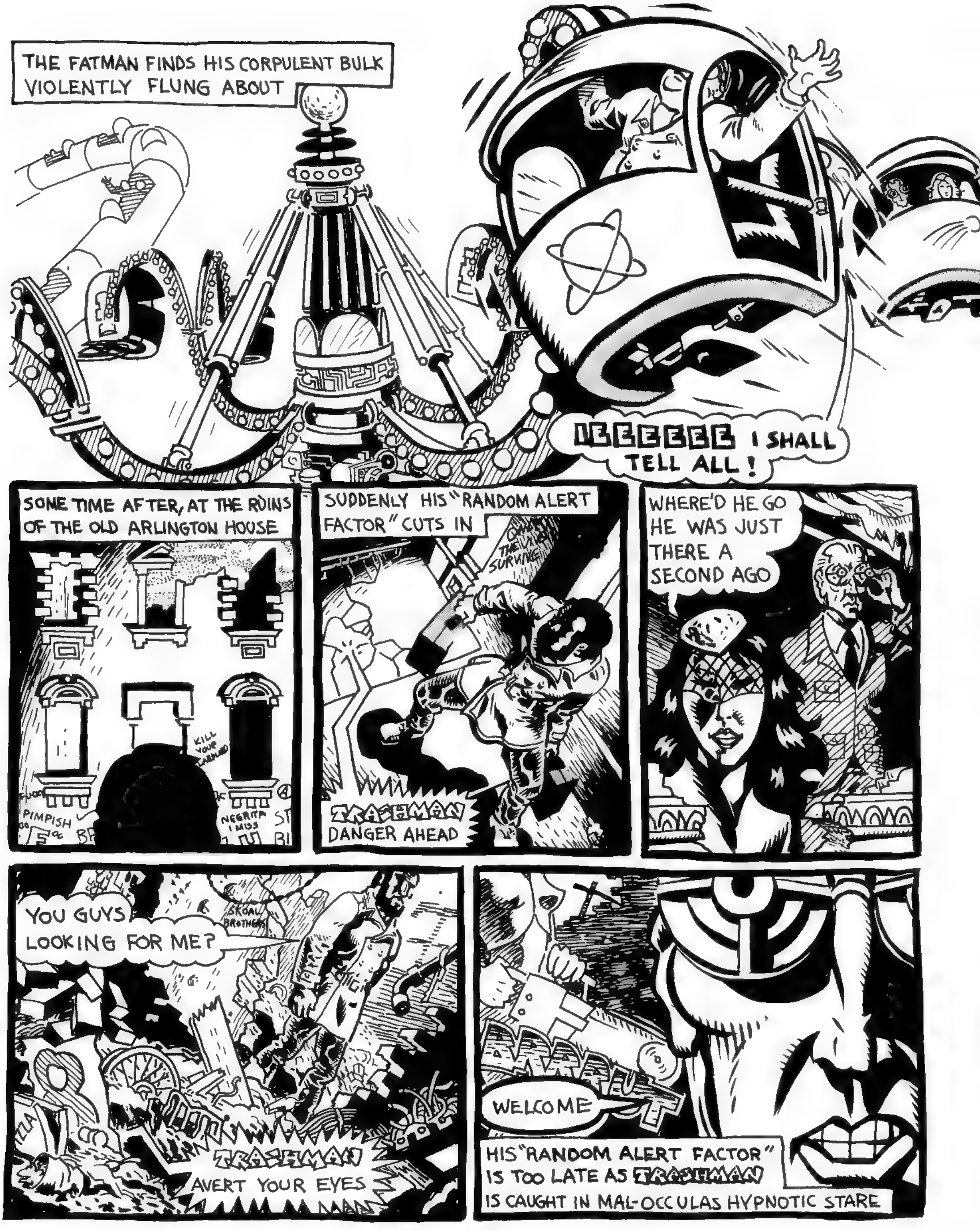

TRASHMAN MASTER OF THE MYSTERIOUS "PARA-SCIENCES" WAGES CEASELESS BATTLE UPON THE SHADOW TYRANNY THAT HAS COVERED THE LAND Algernon Backwash
WEATHERS KINDA STRANGE PROBABLY THOSE EXPERIMENTS THEY'RE DOING UP NORTH
HE LOOKS AROUND BUT HIS "RANDOM ALERT FACTOR" INDICATES NO PRESENT DANGER
TOLL

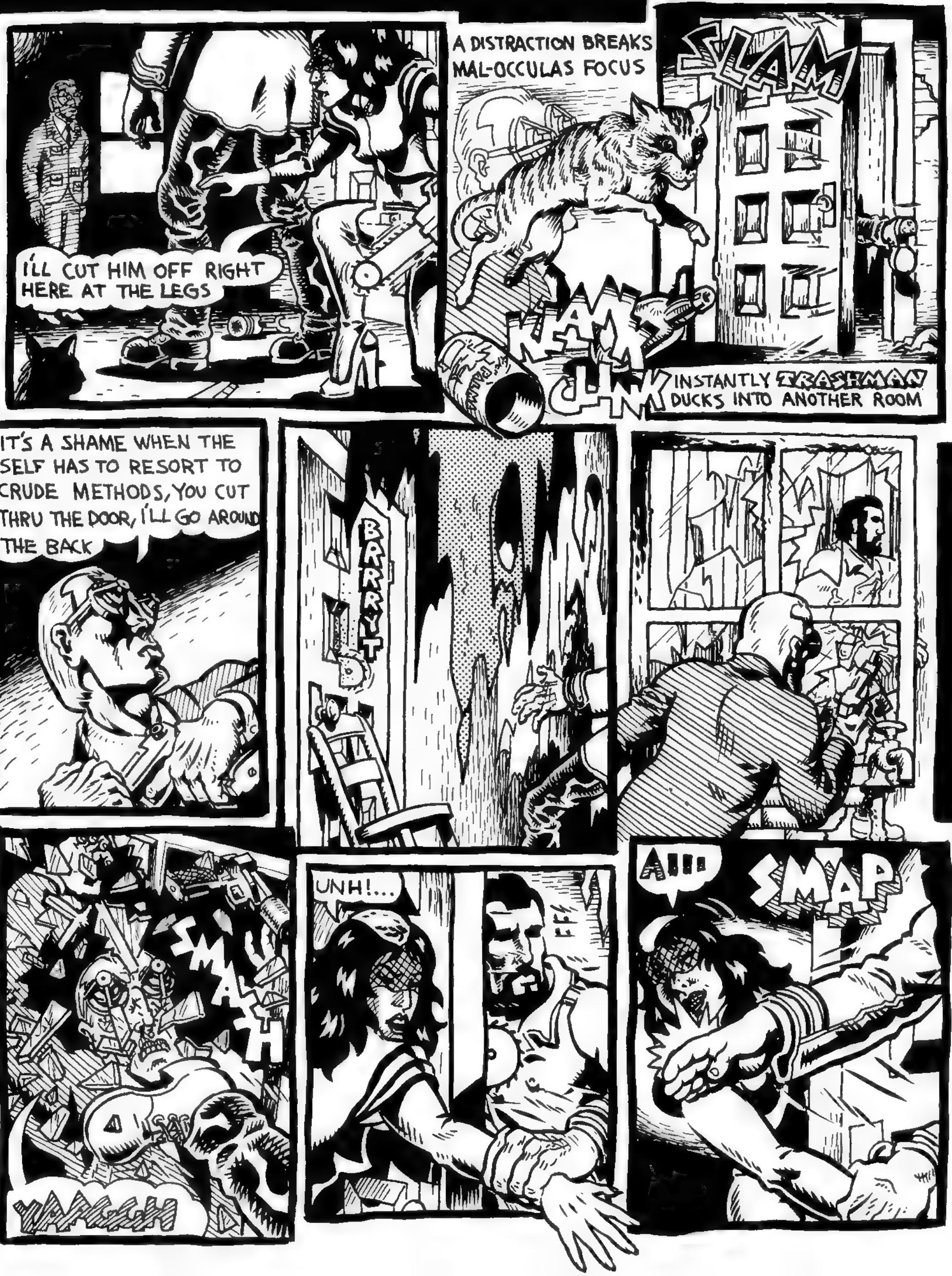
WRITTEN BY: ALGERNON BACKWASH

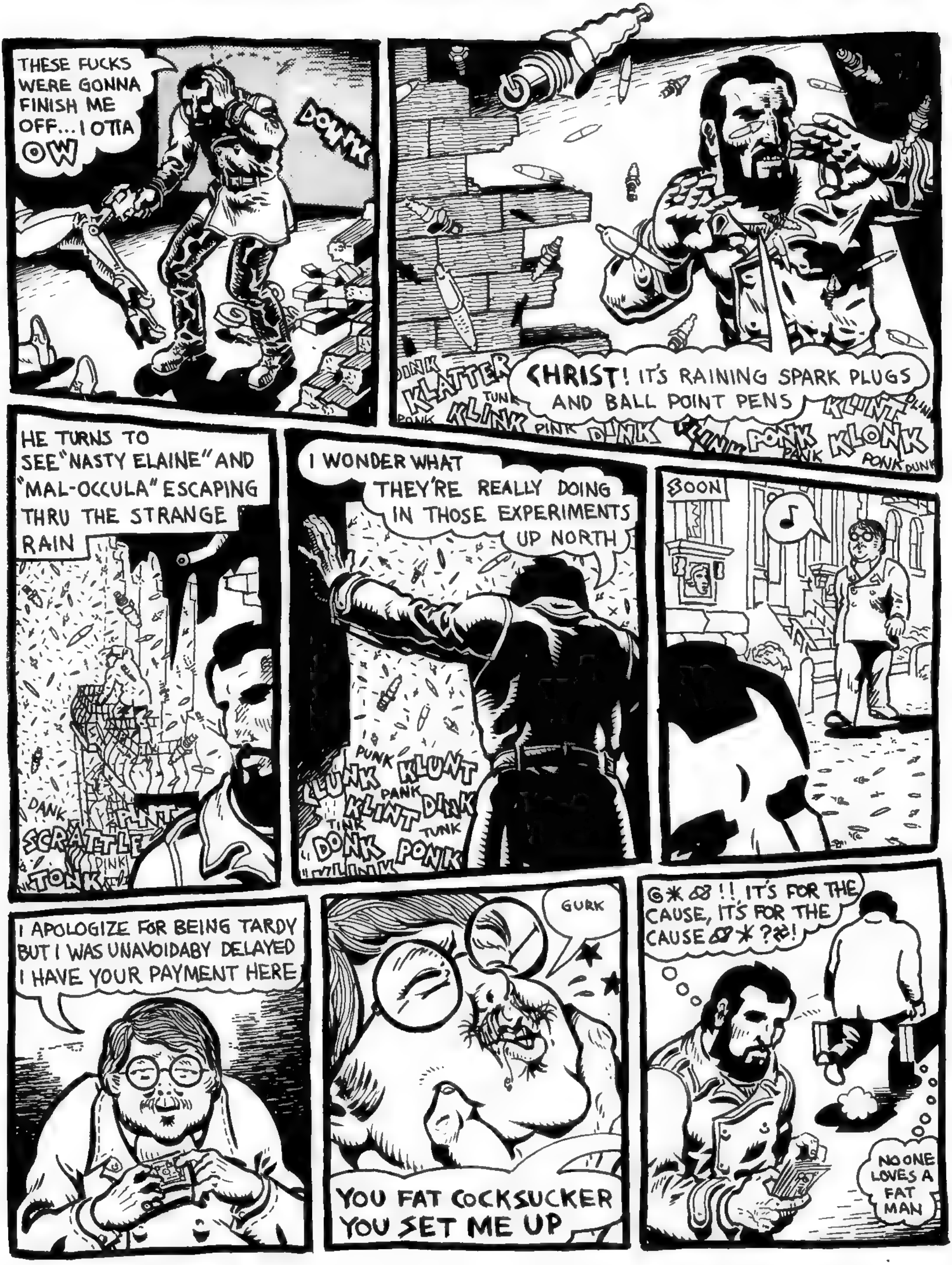
DRAWN BY SPAIN


"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS"
COFFEE SHOP
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE
AUTHORITIES TODAY REVEALED THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DATA SHOWING THE HARMFUL EFFECTS OF THE DRUG CHOCOLATE...
WHICH HAS BEEN RELEASED BY THE STATE LABORITORIES... EVER SINCE IT WAS OUTLAWED BY THE HENDETON ACT...
ONE MOMENT I MUST HEAR THIS
EXIT
LETS SEE WHAT YOU HAVE!
MY MY, YES, QUITE OUTSTANDING
I'TS AGREED THEN, ILL MEET YOU IN THE RUINS OF THE OLD ARLINGTON PLACE WITH THE MONEY AND GET THE REST
RIGHT
SOON AFTER TRASHMAN'S DEPARTURE
KLUNK
KLUNK
KLUNK
KLUN


THE COFFEE SHOP IS ENTERED BY "NASTY ELAINE" AND FRIEND
YOU HAD A RECENT CONVERSATION WITH TRASHMAN
TRASHMAN? I CAN ASSURE YOU I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT
HER COMPANION "MAL-OCCULA" FIXES HIS HYPNOTIC STARE ON THE FAT MAN
YOU WILL TAKE YOUR HAND OUT OF THE DRAWER
NASTY ELAINE PULLS OUT A DIMINUTIVE CHAIN SAW
WE WANT SOME ANSWERS FATTY
GASP!
BRRRUP
HE FAINTED
EXIT
WAKE HIM, THE SELF KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE HIM
LATER
TICKET
TICKET
BUT I TELL YOU I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO KNOWLEDGE OF THAT WHICH YOU SPEAK
JUST SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE NOW I'M BREAKING OUT
AVOID DISCOMFORT REVEAL TO THE SELF WHAT HE WANTS TO KNOW
I WARN YOU I SHALL NOT TOLERATE MUCH MORE OF THIS MISTREATMENT
IN, MY VERBOSE FRIEND

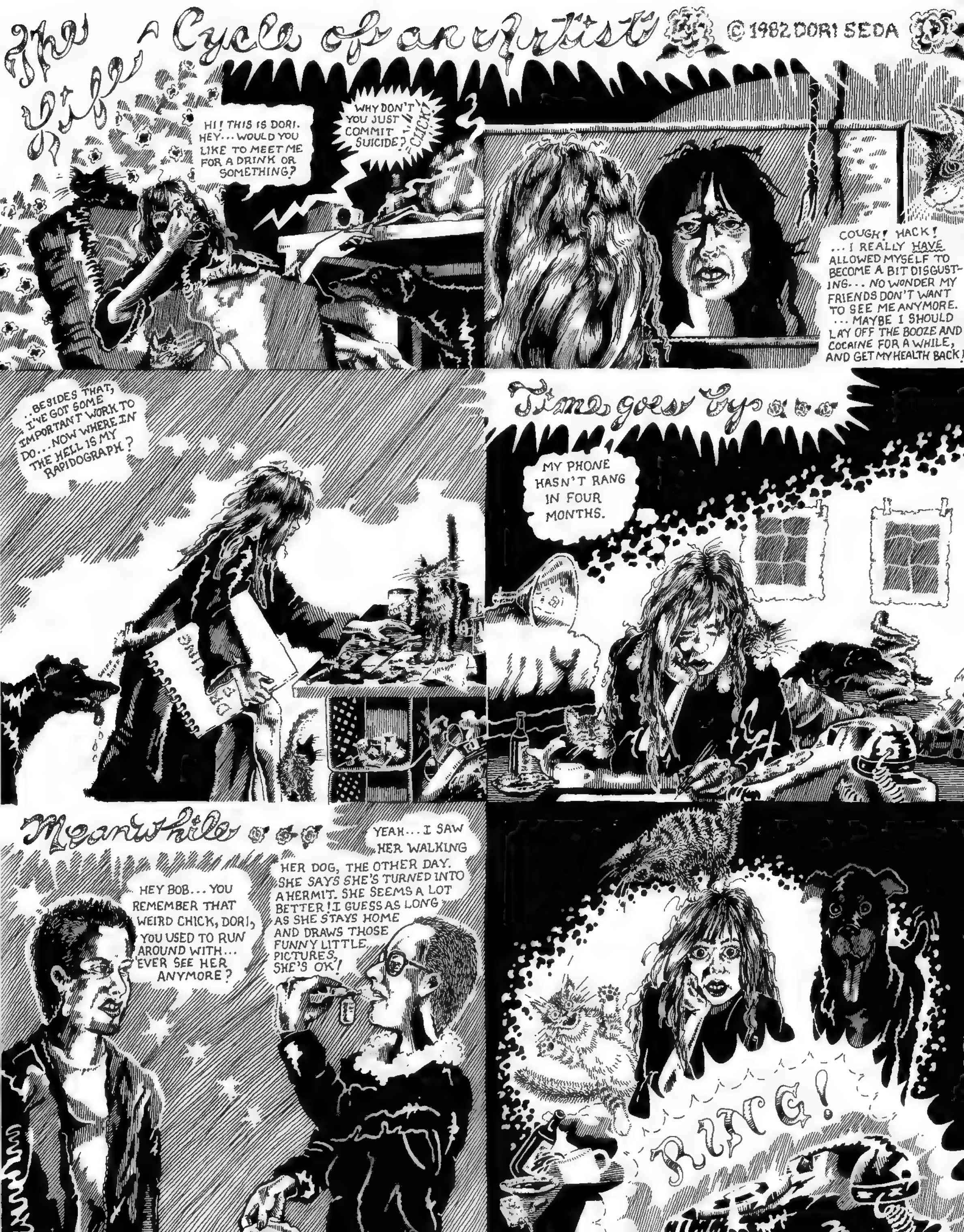

THE FATMAN FINDS HIS CORPULENT BULK VIOLENTLY FLUNG ABOUT
IEEEEEE I SHALL TELL ALL!
SOME TIME AFTER, AT THE RUINS OF THE OLD ARLINGTON HOUSE
KILL YOUR
PIMPISH
NEGRITA I MISS
5%
SUDDENLY HIS "RANDOM ALERT FACTOR" CUTS IN
ONLY THE VILE SURVIVE
TRASHMAN
DANGER AHEAD
WHERE'D HE GO HE WAS JUST THERE A SECOND AGO
YOU GUYS LOOKING FOR ME?
SKOAL BROTHERS
TRASHMAN
AVERT YOUR EYES
WELCOME
HIS "RANDOM ALERT FACTOR" IS TOO LATE AS TRASHMAN IS CAUGHT IN MAL-OCCULAS HYPNOTIC STARE

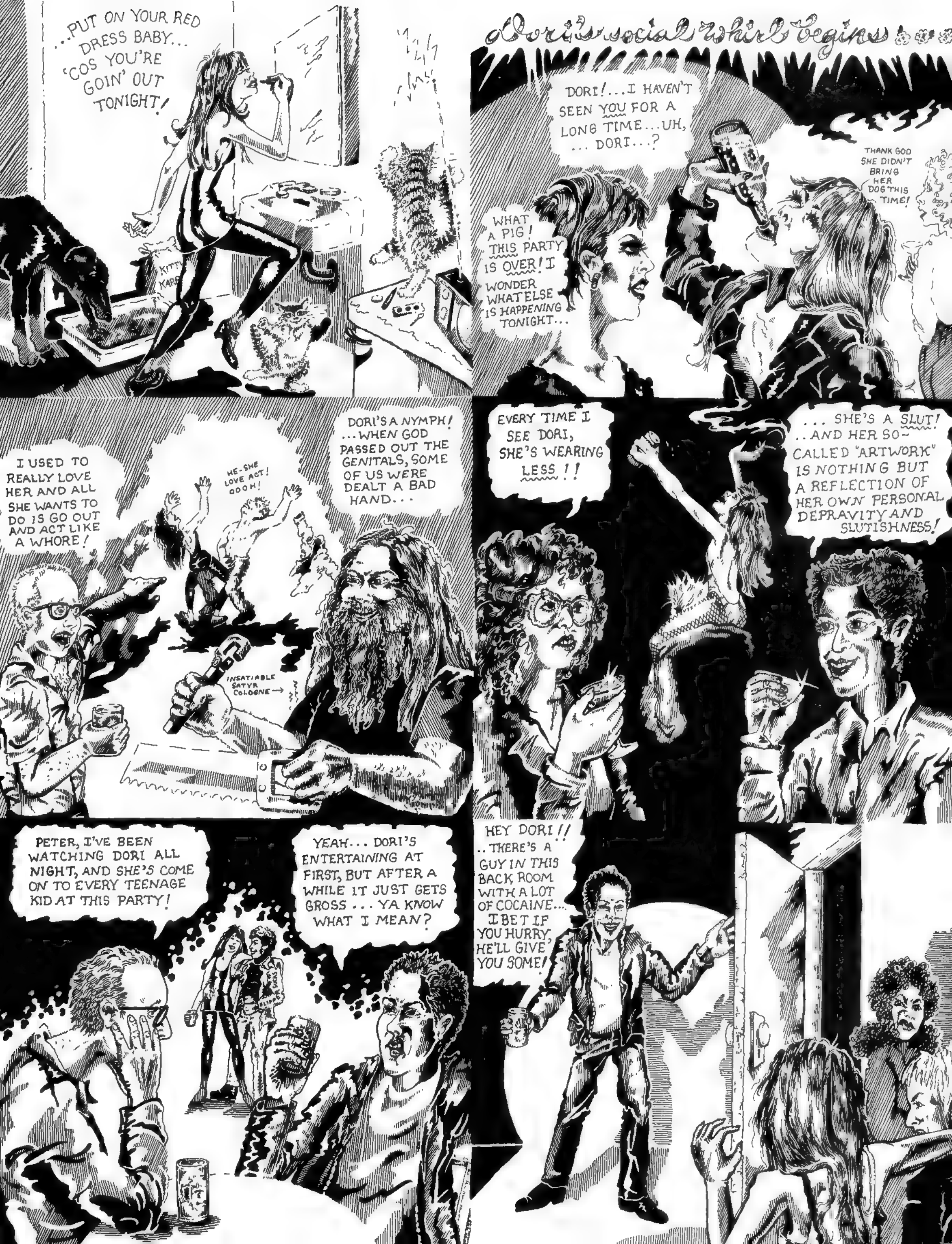

I'LL CUT HIM OFF RIGHT HERE AT THE LEGS
A DISTRACTION BREAKS MAL-OCCULAS FOCUS
SLAM
KLANK
CLINK
INSTANTLY TRASHMAN DUCKS INTO ANOTHER ROOM
IT'S A SHAME WHEN THE SELF HAS TO RESORT TO CRUDE METHODS, YOU CUT THRU THE DOOR, I'LL GO AROUND THE BACK
BRRRYT
SMASH
YAAGGH
UNH!...
AIII
SMAP

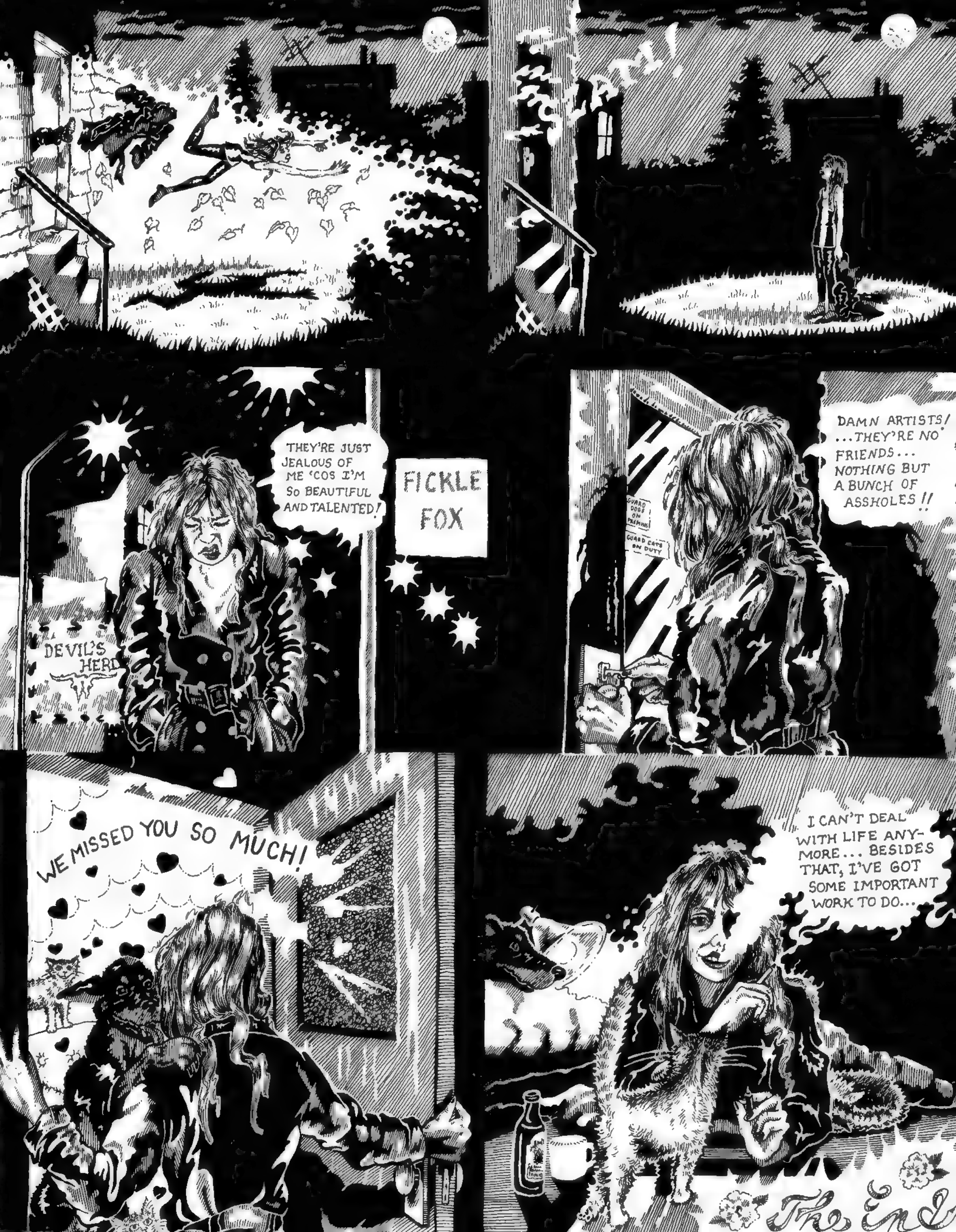

THESE FUCKS WERE GONNA FINISH ME OFF...I OTTA
OW
DONK
CHRIST! IT'S RAINING SPARK PLUGS AND BALL POINT PENS
DINK KLATTER TUNK PONK KLINK PINK DINK KLINK PONK PANK KLINT DLINK KLONK PONK DUNK
HE TURNS TO SEE "NASTY ELAINE" AND "MAL-OCCULA" ESCAPING THRU THE STRANGE RAIN
DANK PLINT SCRATTLE DINK TONK
I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE REALLY DOING IN THOSE EXPERIMENTS UP NORTH
PUNK KLUNK KLUNT PANK KLINT DINK TINK TUNK DONK PONK KLINK
SOON
♪
I APOLOGIZE FOR BEING TARDY BUT I WAS UNAVOIDABY DELAYED I HAVE YOUR PAYMENT HERE
GURK
YOU FAT COCKSUCKER YOU SET ME UP
@*&!! IT'S FOR THE CAUSE, IT'S FOR THE CAUSE &*?卐!
NO ONE LOVES A FAT MAN

The Life Cycle of an Artist

© 1982 DORI SEDA


HI! THIS IS DORI. HEY... WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET ME FOR A DRINK OR SOMETHING?
WHY DON'T YOU JUST COMMIT SUICIDE?
CLICK!
COUGH! HACK! ... I REALLY HAVE ALLOWED MYSELF TO BECOME A BIT DISGUSTING... NO WONDER MY FRIENDS DON'T WANT TO SEE ME ANYMORE. ... MAYBE I SHOULD LAY OFF THE BOOZE AND COCAINE FOR A WHILE, AND GET MY HEALTH BACK!
..BESIDES THAT, I'VE GOT SOME IMPORTANT WORK TO DO... NOW WHERE IN THE HELL IS MY RAPIDOGRAPH?
SNIFF SNIFF
Time goes by
MY PHONE HASN'T RANG IN FOUR MONTHS.
Meanwhile
HEY BOB... YOU REMEMBER THAT WEIRD CHICK, DORI, YOU USED TO RUN AROUND WITH... EVER SEE HER ANYMORE?
YEAH... I SAW HER WALKING HER DOG, THE OTHER DAY. SHE SAYS SHE'S TURNED INTO A HERMIT. SHE SEEMS A LOT BETTER! I GUESS AS LONG AS SHE STAYS HOME AND DRAWS THOSE FUNNY LITTLE PICTURES, SHE'S OK!
RING!


...PUT ON YOUR RED DRESS BABY... 'COS YOU'RE GOIN' OUT TONIGHT!
KITTY KARE
Dori's social whirl begins
DORI!...I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR A LONG TIME...UH, ... DORI...?
WHAT A PIG! THIS PARTY IS OVER! I WONDER WHAT ELSE IS HAPPENING TONIGHT...
THANK GOD SHE DIDN'T BRING HER DOG THIS TIME!
I USED TO REALLY LOVE HER AND ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS GO OUT AND ACT LIKE A WHORE!
HE-SHE LOVE ACT! OOOH!
DORI'S A NYMPH! ...WHEN GOD PASSED OUT THE GENITALS, SOME OF US WERE DEALT A BAD HAND...
INSATIABLE SATYR COLOGNE
EVERY TIME I SEE DORI, SHE'S WEARING LESS!!
... SHE'S A SLUT! ..AND HER SO-CALLED "ARTWORK" IS NOTHING BUT A REFLECTION OF HER OWN PERSONAL DEPRAVITY AND SLUTISHNESS!
PETER, I'VE BEEN WATCHING DORI ALL NIGHT, AND SHE'S COME ON TO EVERY TEENAGE KID AT THIS PARTY!
YEAH... DORI'S ENTERTAINING AT FIRST, BUT AFTER A WHILE IT JUST GETS GROSS... YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
HEY DORI!! ..THERE'S A GUY IN THIS BACK ROOM WITH A LOT OF COCAINE... I BET IF YOU HURRY, HE'LL GIVE YOU SOME!


THEY'RE JUST JEALOUS OF ME 'COS I'M SO BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED!
FICKLE FOX
DEVIL'S HERD
DAMN ARTISTS! ...THEY'RE NO FRIENDS... NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES!!
GUARD DOGS ON PREMISES
GUARD CATS ON DUTY
WE MISSED YOU SO MUCH!
I CAN'T DEAL WITH LIFE ANY-MORE... BESIDES THAT, I'VE GOT SOME IMPORTANT WORK TO DO...
The End

The ham what am—ready, willing and wriggly.

This little pig went to market, the other ended up in the soup.

Don't make a pig of yourself, little porker, stick to business.

This little pig cried "whee, whee, whee" all the way home.

Virginie's half baked ham wants to go chop chop.

OLD PHOTO FUNNIES FAVORITES:

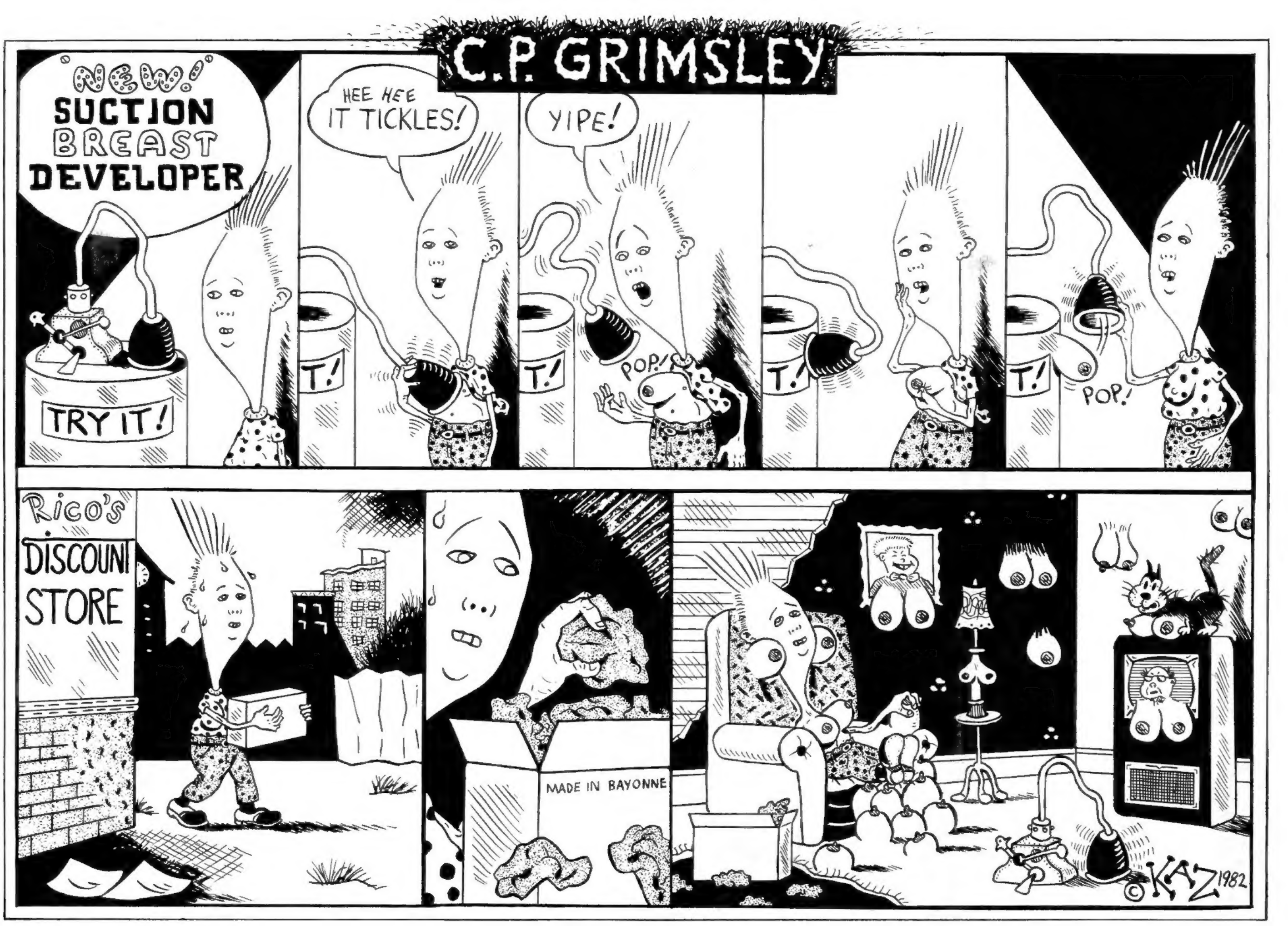
Y'SEE, "WEIRDO" DIDN'T INVENT THIS FORM OF FOOLISHNESS! HERE'S A FINE EXAMPLE IN THE TIME-HONORED TRADITION OF MAKING CUTE GIRLS LOOK SILLY IN PICTURES... FROM "HIT PICTURE PAGEANT" NO. 1, MARCH, 1942

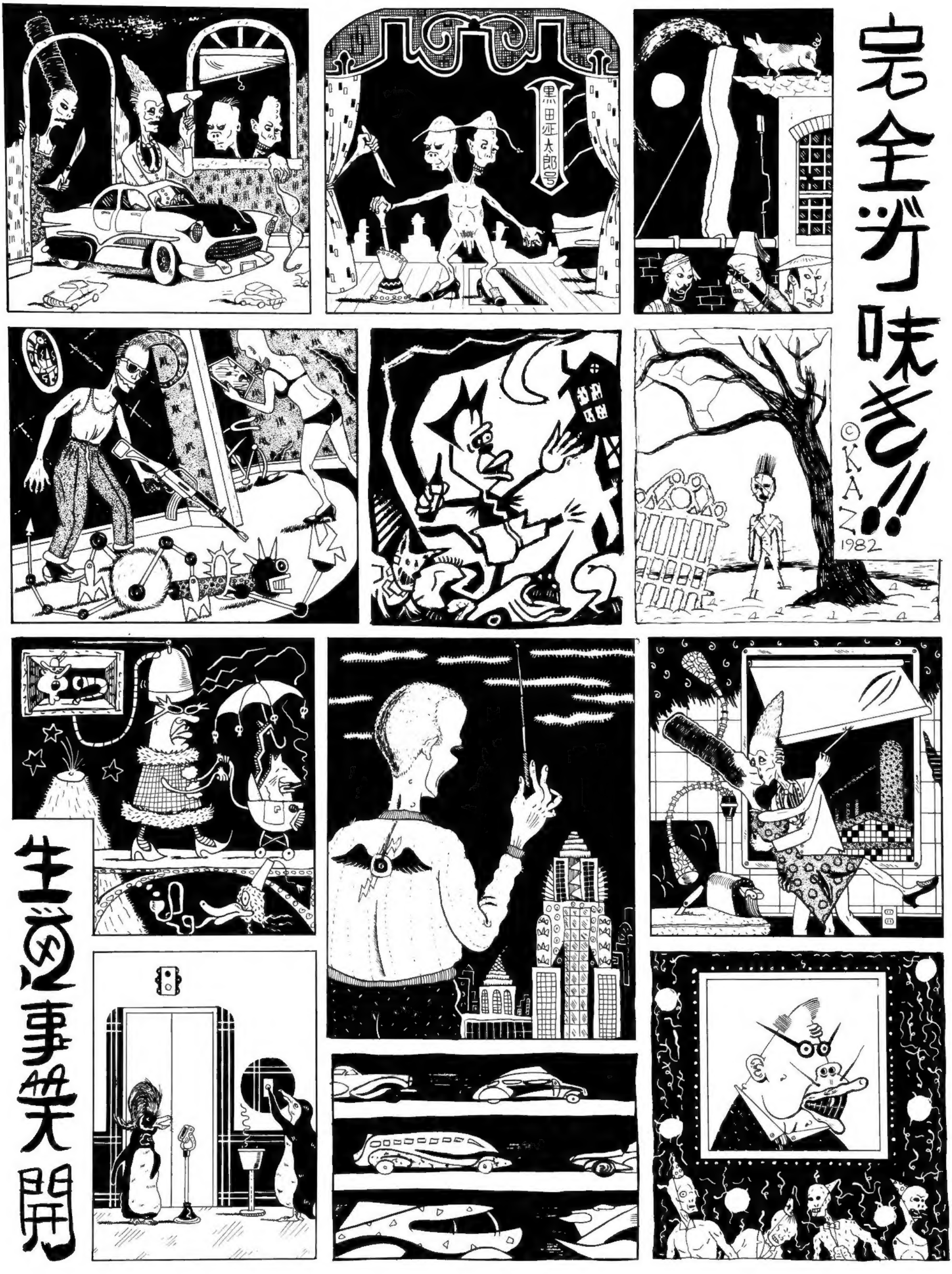
The end of the trail for the three little pigs. They'll probably indway up at the utcherbay.

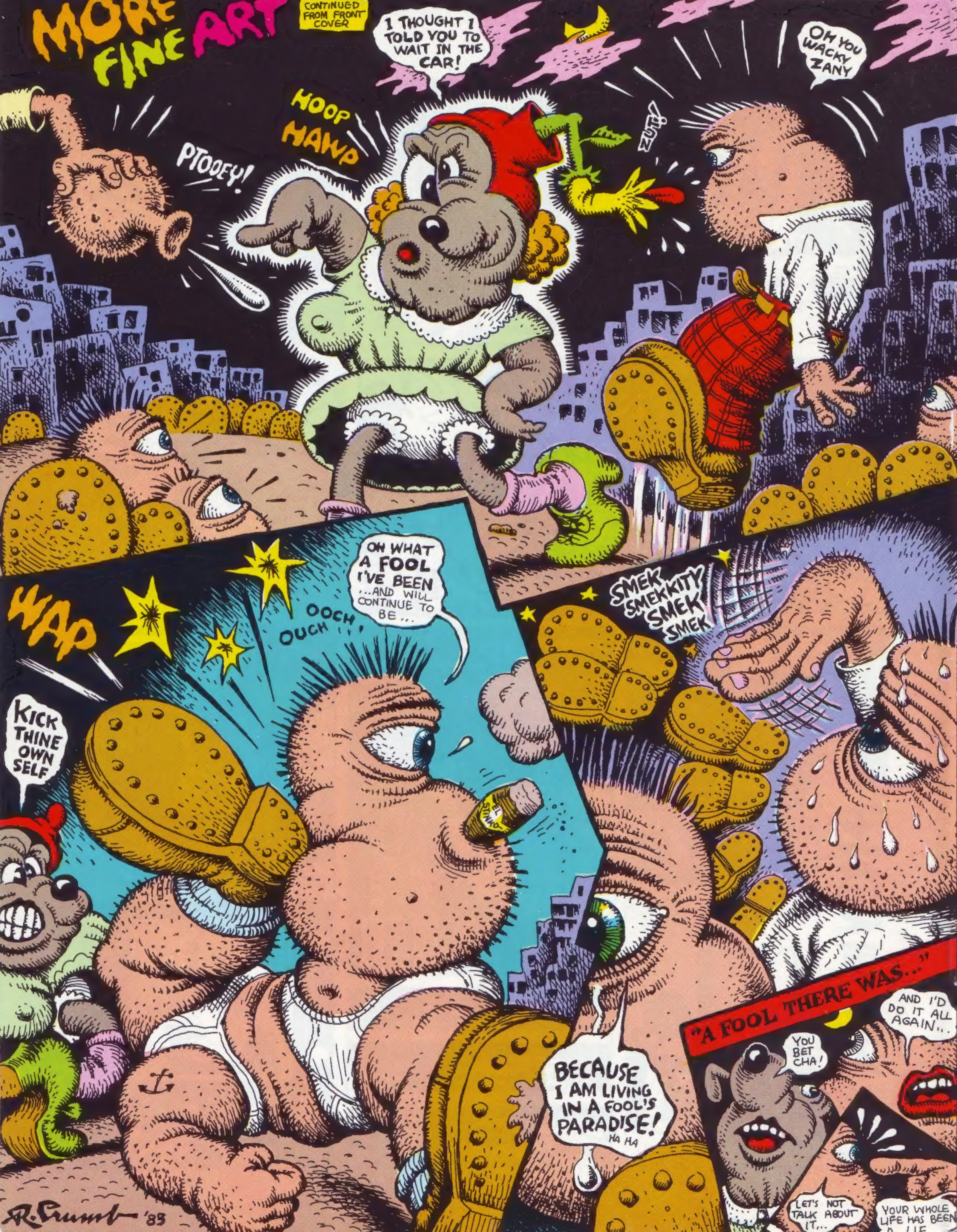
WATCH THE PORK CHOP CHOP

BRINGING home the bacon is a tough proposition any way you look at it, but did you ever try to bring 35 pounds of live, squealing, wriggling bacon home in your arms? Neither did we, but ten brave dancing girls manipulated a pig apiece through a knock-down, rough and tumble Pig Sweepstake in San Francisco. Born in a press agent's brain, the idea of casting girls before swine was presented to the Helene Hughes Dancers, who gleefully accepted. Before the contest was over the girls had crawled over fences, waded through mud and climbed through ditches. HIT believes that after this the gals will be content to sit at home and let their men bring home the bacon.

Pipe the satisfied look on Mr. Pork. Looks like he's glad he went the whole hog.


C.P. GRIMSLEY
"NEW!" SUCTION BREAST DEVELOPER
TRY IT!
HEE HEE IT TICKLES!
T!
YIPE!
T!
POP!
T!
T!
POP!
Rico's DISCOUNT STORE
MADE IN BAYONNE
© KAZ 1982


完全ヺ味き!!
黒田亜太郎号
© KAZ 1982
生の事笑開


MORE FINE ART
CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAR!
OH YOU WACKY ZANY
HOOP HAWP
ZUT!
PTOOEY!
WAP
OH WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN ...AND WILL CONTINUE TO BE...
OOCH, OUCH
SMEK SMEKKITY SMEK SMEK
KICK THINE OWN SELF
BECAUSE I AM LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE! HA HA
"A FOOL THERE WAS..."
AND I'D DO IT ALL AGAIN...
YOU BET CHA!
LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT...
YOUR WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN
R. Crumb '83

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ